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THE
CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY.



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THE
CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY,
OR,
CURSORY SKETCHES
OF THE
WELSH TERRITORIES.
WITH A CHART,

Comprehending at one View,

*The advisable Route—Best Inns—Distances—and Objects most
worthy of Attention.*

Authors, you know, of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty suppress their name;
And, wou'd you wish me to reveal
What these superior Wits conceal?
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit, and to please, unknown.

Visions in Verse.

SECOND EDITION.

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1801.

A CHART TO THE CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY.

[To face the Title.

Route.	Counties.	Miles.	Best Inns.	Objects most worthy Attention.—Rivers and noted Bridges.	Page.
Cheltenham to - - -	Gloucester		Plough Hotel -	Pump-room-walk—Seat of the Earl of Fauconberg—Cleave-Hill—Dowdswell	1
Gloucester - - -	—	8	King's-Head -	Cathedral—Gaol—Pin manufactory—Isle d'Alney—Severn—Drawbridge, called Westgate	3
Newnham - - -	—	12	Bear -	Garden Cliff, at Westbury—Flaxley Abbey—Church-yard view from	6—8
Lidney - - -	—	8	White-Swan -	Iron-works—Mrs. Bathurst's	9
Chepstow - - -	Monmouth	8	Beaufort Arms -	Castle—Church—Piercefield, one mile from Chepstow—Llancaut Cliffs—Wye—Wooden bridge	9—196
Newport - - -	—	16	King's-Head -	(Between C. and N. Caldecot Castle—Caenvent pavement—Ruins of Caerleon) Usk—New bridge—Castle	10—13
Cardiff - - -	Glamorgan	12	Angel -	Castle—Gaol—Bridge—Taff	14
Landaff - - -	—	3	—	Ruins of the Cathedral	18
Cardiff to Caerphilly - - -	—	7	Boar's-Head -	Castle	19
Myther Tidvil - - -	—	17	Star -	Iron-works, the largest in the kingdom—(Between C. and M. Pont y-prid)	22
Pont Neath Vychan - - -	—	14	Angel -	Falls of Scotenogam—Lower and Upper Culhepste—Lady's Cascade—Porthogo Cavern—Bwr Maen—Purthen and Neath rivers	23
Neath - - -	—	11	Ship and Castle -	(Between P. and N. Apeidulas and Melincourt waterfalls—The Knole) Abbey—Castle—Copper-works	26
Swansey - - -	—	9	Mackworth Arms -	View at Britton Ferry—Castle—Pottery—Tawe	28
By Oystermouth and Penrice to Cheriton - - -	—	20	A poor Pot-house -	Situated on the Bury—In your way see Oystermouth Castle—Oxwich Bay—Penrice—King Arthur's stone	31
Llanely crofs the Bury - - -	Caermarthen	7	—	Church	33
Kidwelly - - -	—	9	Pelican -	Castle	33
Caermarthen - - -	—	10	Ivy-Bush -	Castle—Tin-works—Bridge over the Towr	34
Llaugharne - - -	—	12	Castle -	Castle—Caermarthen Bay	35
Tenby - - -	Pembroke	16	White-Lion -	(Between L. and T. Green bridge, a curious excavation in the rock) Castle—Church—Rocks—Walk on the sands and croft	37
Pembroke - - -	—	10	Green-Dragon -	Castle—Bridge—Sail round Milford Haven to Hubbertstone, sixteen miles—Bulh, Mr. Meredith's	40
Returned to Tenby - - -	—	—	—	—	—
Haverfordwest - - -	—	20	Castle -	(Between T. and H. Carew Castle—Landhiroping Ferry—Piston Castle) Castle—Friory at the extremity of the Parade	47
St. David's - - -	—	16	Black-Lion -	(Between H. and St. Roach Castle—St. Hilda's Bay) Cathedral—Bishop's Palace—Rocking stone two miles from St. David's	50
Fishguard - - -	—	16	—	(In your way take the place where the Fmch landed) Gwain river	55
Newport - - -	—	7	—	Two miles from N. Druidical monument	57
Cardigan - - -	Cardigan	11	Black-Lion -	(Velindre—At Lechryd bridge, tin-works—Kilgarran Castle—Follow the Ty vi to Cardigan) Castle—Gaol—Church—St. Dogmael's Abbey, one mile from Cardigan	60
Aberaeron - - -	—	22	Good accommodations -	Druidical monuments—Castle	62
Aberystwith - - -	—	15	Talbot -	(Between A. and A. Llanwryan bridge) Walk round the Castle—Lead mines	63
Havod - - -	—	12	Havod Arms -	Devil's bridge—Fall of the Rhyddol—the Alynach—Havod house and grounds	67
Machynleeth over Plinlimmon - - -	Montgomery	27	Eagles -	The house where Owen Glyndwr assembled his parliament—Dovey river—Bridge	81
Talylyss - - -	Merioneth	10	Blue-Lion -	(Between M. and T. Dyfflas river) Ca Idriis—Pool of Three Grains	84
Dolgelly - - -	—	16	Golden-Lion -	Beautiful situation—Avon vawr river	85
Barmouth - - -	—	8	Corfy-Gedol Arms -	From D. to B. extremely interesting—Plasant walk on the sands, and likewise on the hills over the town	86
Harlech - - -	—	10	—	Castle—A golden torques dug up here, in the year 1692	90
Returned to Barmouth - - -	—	—	—	—	—
Tan-y-bwlch by Dolgelly and Falls - - -	—	28	Tan-y-bwlch -	(Between Dolgelly and Tan-y-bwlch, the falls of Doll-y-myllin—Cayne—Moddach) Vale of Festiniog—Tan-y-bwlch hall—River Dryryd	100
Beddgelert - - -	Caernarvon	8	Tolerable accommodations -	(Between T. and B. Pont-aber-glaslyn—Copper mines) River Glaslyn	104
Llanberis over Snowdon - - -	—	16	—	Pass of Llanberis—Dolbadern Castle—Tyllgo lakes	105
Caernarvon - - -	—	9	Hotel -	Near C.—River Rhyddol—Bridge—Castle—Wythwar mountain—Religious fest called Jumpers	114
Plas-Newydd - - -	Anglesey	6	—	The Menai—Lord Uxbridge—Cromlechs	117
Bangor - - -	Caernarvon	4	George and Dragon -	View from the church-yard—Cathedral—Crofs the Menai to Beaumaris—Baron Hill	124
Conway - - -	—	11½	Bull and Harp -	(Between C. and B. Castle of Penrhyn—Pen-mawn-mawr) Castle—Church—College	128
Abergele - - -	Denbigh	11	Tolerable accommodations -	(Between C. and A. Llandidno mines—Cavern-ar-ogo) Walk on the sands	131
St. Asaph - - -	Flintshire	7	White-Lion -	(Between A. and St. A. Rhuddlan Marth—Castle—River Clwyd) Vale of Clwyd—Cathedral	134
Denbigh - - -	Denbigh	6	Bull -	Castle—Ruins of an old church—Vale of Clwyd	135
Ruthin - - -	—	8	Crofs-Keys -	(Between D. and R. Well of St. Dyfnog) Castle—Church—Gaol—Bowling-green—Vale of Clwyd	138
Wrexham - - -	—	16	Eagles -	Church—Offa's Dyke—Erthig, the seat of P. York, Esq.—Church of Marchwiel	141
Ruabon - - -	—	6	—	Wynstay park—Obelisk—Offa's Dyke	146
Llangollen - - -	—	8	Hand -	(Between R. and L. Pontcysyllty—River Dee) Bridge over the Dee—Castle Dinas Brân—Lady E. Bulter's Cottage—Valle Crucis—Pillar of Blifeg	150
Ofweftry - - -	Shropshire	12	Crofs-Keys -	(Between L. and O. Chirk Castle—Whittington) Ruins of a chapel—Castle	157
Welch Pool - - -	Montgomery	18	Royal-Oak -	(Between O. and W. Llanymynach Hill—Bredidin—Column to Adm. Lord Rodney, recording the victory over the French, April 12, 1782.—Virnwy river—Powis Castle	161
Montgomery - - -	—	8	Dragon -	Castle and Gaol—Ellesmere canal	163
Bishop's Castle - - -	Shropshire	9	Castle -	—	164
Ludlow - - -	Hereford	16	Crown -	Castle—Church—Crofs—Walks round the Castle walls—Bridge—Teme river	165
Leominster - - -	—	11	Red-Lion -	Market-house—Church	175
Hereford - - -	—	12	New Inn -	Cathedral—Castle walks—Gaol—Wye	175
Rofs - - -	Monmouth	14	Man of Rofs -	Church—View from "The Prospect"—Wilton Castle—Bridge—Wye	177
Monmouth - - -	—	—	Beaufort Arms -	(Between A. and M. Goodrich Castle—Symond's Yatch—Courtfield house—New Weir) Castle—Priory—Town-hall—Walk to Monmouth Folly—Wye	188
Chepstow - - -	—	50	Beaufort Arms -	Castle—Church—Piercefield, one mile from Chepstow—Llancaut Cliff—Wye—Wooden bridge (Between M. and C. Llandogo—Tintern Abbey—Wyn Cliff, a corruption from Wye Cliff)	9—196

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TO THE
FRIENDLY AND TRULY HOSPITABLE
INHABITANTS
OF THE
PRINCIPALITY OF WALES,

THESE
Cursory Sketches,

ARE RESPECTFULLY
AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED, BY

The Author.



TO THE
INHABITANTS
OF THE
PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.



AS Dedications and Prefaces are considered proper *avant couriers* to a Work, the omission of either might be deemed an essential breach of literary decorum:—I profess myself an Old Bachelor, and am consequently anxious that all minutiae should be properly attended to.

It is generally customary in Dedications, to solicit the patronage of an individual; but, as these *Cursorj Sketches* will fully prove, I by no means always pursue the common beaten track,
trust

trust it will not be thought too presumptuous, addressing myself to *Pluralities*, and therefore humbly to request permission, that the CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY may be looked upon as a Ward of the Welsh in general: for I can with safety affirm, in no country will the Tourist experience more true hospitality and friendly attention, than in the Principality of Wales; I therefore with true respect and gratitude, beg leave to subscribe myself,

GENTLEMEN,

Your much obliged

And most obedient

• Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PRE-



PREFACE.



FAULTS, in the following Work, I readily allow, there are many, many; but, flatter myself, those who are best able to discover, will be most ready to pardon them. Tours or Journals, are now hackneyed subjects; and, though this may be considered as a trite apology, and (if I may so express myself) an Author's loophole, yet I can most truly assert, the present Observations were by no means at first intended to be scanned by the public eye; but merely made for my own private amusement, as a memento, to have access to, when I wished to "breathe delight from Recollection's power;" my Remarks, therefore, were only such as any Traveller, an admirer of Nature, would with a pencil briefly put down; and I must beg leave again to repeat, I had not then the most distant
thought

thought of appearing at the bar of the Public. On my return, I naturally placed my Observations in a more connected form; and *some time afterwards*, accidentally conversing with my Bookseller, on the romantic beauties of Wales, and shewing him a few of my Notes, was persuaded to prepare them for the press; in consequence of which, I am now embarking on the literary ocean; and, as a candid behaviour ought to be preferred to all other considerations, before I sail on my cruize, beg leave to declare, that it is not the intention of the following sheets, either to rival the lively and impressive descriptions of a WYNDHAM or a WARNER,—to contend with the literary and historical anecdotes of a PENNANT,—or to equal the mineralogical studies of an AIKIN: and here I candidly acknowledge, when attempting a description of Monmouthshire, I found myself not a little intimidated, by the intended, and anxiously expected publication of that county, by a Gentleman,* highly classed in the literary world,

* The Rev. WILLIAM COXE, rector of Bemerton, and domestic chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury,

for many celebrated productions; conscious of my own inability to do ample justice to that picturesque county, and particularly the rich scenery of the Wye, when it is already in such able hands: I beg from true respect and esteem, to apply to him the following passage:

Oh, while along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

POPE.

The CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY, is therefore given to the Public, as a *common Itinerary*; nor does it presume to have discovered any thing unknown to the sage Antiquarian,—the deep Mineralogist,—and the bustling Traveller: still, however, the Author flatters himself, it may be so far useful to the Public, that the Traveller will find it a convenient Pocket Companion; it will tell him the *best Inns*, and lay before him in one view, the *Distances*; the Mineralogist may occasionally learn, what Rocks will most deserve his attention; and it will point out to the
Anti-

Antiquarian, every venerable Ruin, that seems to tell the religious or military History of the Country. Such is the "plain unvarnish'd tale:" in addition to which, I solicit permission to address my Readers with a line from a favourite Author:

"Laugh where you *must*, be candid where you *can*."

THE
CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY,

THESE ARE THE HAUNTS OF MEDITATION, THESE
THE SCENES WHERE ANCIENT BARDS TH' INSPIRING BREATH
EXTATIC FELT!

THOMSON,



TWO Friends, equally admirers of Nature's landscapes, and attached to pedestrian independence, agreed to visit the wild and impressive scenery of the Cambrian Mountains; and the outlines of their Route being arranged, sallied forth in the month of July, 1798, from

CHELTENHAM,

a place much resorted to during the summer months,
and celebrated for its mineral waters; composed of

B

one

one street, in almost a straight line, nearly the length of a mile. Since it has become a place of fashion, the lodging houses have been considerably improved, and rendered comfortable for the company, who make this place their summer residence. The season usually commences about May, and frequently continues till the beginning of November. The majority of the company who frequent Cheltenham, resort here not so much for the purpose of water-drinking, as to enjoy the delightful walks and rides, and partake of the sociability of the neighbourhood.

The walk at the pump-room, well planned, and kept in excellent order, is planted on each side with limes; at the end is a small square, where the pump is situate, with a room on the left for the accommodation of the company to promenade, measuring sixty-six feet by twenty-three;—on the opposite side a reading-room, with a billiard-table over, and a house, the residence of the attendant at the Spa; beyond that, is a similar walk of three hundred and twelve feet, which leads to another serpentine walk; from the end of this, the spire of Cheltenham church forms a beautiful object. Near these walks, stands, on an eminence, the seat of the Earl of Fauconberg: this was the royal residence during their Majesties stay at this place, from July 12, to August 16, 1788.

In

In respect to the rides, Cleave-hill, Dowdeswell, &c. Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, are most admired.

Speaking of the history of the place, we find Cheltenham was a town in the reign of William the Conqueror: Edward likewise is supposed to have marched through it, before he encamped his army on the field of Tewkesbury, previous to the battle of the houses of York and Lancaster.

Of the efficacy of the water, to which this town is indebted for its present celebrity, I refer my readers to a treatise, published by Dr. Fothergill, of Bath.

GLOUCESTER.

The pin manufactory was established here, by John Tisley, in the year 1626, and the business is now become so extensive, that the returns from London alone are estimated at near twenty thousand pounds *per ann.* Before the introduction of pins into England, (1543) skewers of brass, silver, and gold, and likewise thorns curiously scraped, called by the Welch women *pin-draen*, were used. Though the pins themselves are apparently simple, yet their manufacture is not a little curious and complex. The wire in its most rough

state is brought from a wire company in the neighbourhood of Bristol: till the year 1563, English iron wire was drawn out by manual strength. The first operation attending this curious process, is the fixing the circular roll of wire to the circumference of a wheel, which in its rotation throwing the wire against a board, with great violence, takes off the black external coat: vitriol is next applied to bring the brass to its common colour. The brass wire being too thick for the purpose of being cut into pins, is reduced to any dimension the workman pleases, by forcibly drawing it through an orifice in a steel plate, of a smaller diameter. The wire, being thus reduced to its proper dimensions, is next straightened: it is then cut into portions of six inches in length, and afterwards to the size of the pin, and each piece respectively sharpened on a grinding-stone, turned by a wheel. We now come to a distinct branch of the manufactory: the forming the heads, or, as the workmen term it, *head spinning*: this is accomplished by means of a spinning-wheel, which, with astonishing rapidity winds the wire round a small rod: this, when drawn out, leaves a hollow tube between the circumvolutions; every two circumvolutions, or turns, being cut with sheers, form one head. The heads, thus formed, are distributed to children, who, with great dexterity, by the assistance of an anvil, or hammer, worked by the foot, fix the point and the head together.

The

The pins, thus formed, are boiled in a copper, containing a solution of black-tin pulverized, and the lees of Port; and by this last process, it changes its yellow brassy colour, and assumes the appearance of silver, or tin. The labourers are all paid according to the weight of their work,

Near Gloucester, at the small island of Alney, formed by the river Severn, dividing itself into two branches, historians relate, that Canute and Edmund, after many bloody engagements in Essex, determined to prevent a farther effusion of blood by a single combat. Neither, however, as the story relates, obtaining a victory, peace was concluded, and the kingdom divided between them. We paid, however, little regard to the supposed place of this contest, as it was not for us, pious antiquarians, to discuss points, on which the greatest historians had so materially differed,

I forbear to make any remarks on the cathedral and gaol of Gloucester, as much has already been done towards their illustration; and as ample accounts of them are given in the *Gloucester Guide*, which the tourist will meet with on the spot.

The walk from hence to

WESTBURY,

is by no means uninteresting; the country is studded with half-seen villas, and animated with churches, whilst the retrospect commands a fine view of Robin-hood's Hill, with the dark tower of Gloucester cathedral, just rising in the perspective.

At Westbury is the seat of Maynard Colchester, Esq. The church, with a detached spire, stands close to the house. Near this place mineralogists will be highly gratified by visiting a cliff, called *Garden*, or *Golden Cliffe*; which is most beautifully encrusted with mundic and crystals. This rock, standing close to the Severn, is only accessible at the reflux of the tide; and when illuminated by the sun wears a most beautiful appearance.

Between Westbury and Newnham, in an extremely delightful valley, bordering on the forest of Deane, is situate

FLAXLEY ABBEY,

the seat of Sir Thomas Crawley Bovey. This valley was formerly called *Castiard*, or the *Happy Valley*; and

and a monastery, for Cistercian Monks, was founded here by Roger, the second Earl of Hereford, and the charter confirmed by Henry II. The abbey was standing till the year 1777, when part of it was unfortunately consumed by fire; since that a considerable portion of building has been added, and is become a very desirable summer residence. The views from the park, behind the house, are very extensive, commanding the vale of Gloucester, and the river Severn, gay with vessels; whilst the extensive forest of Dean, and Flaxley Abbey, form nearer objects for admiration. This wood abounds with the most charming walks; and, while it affords refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, admits partial views of the adjacent country. Camden, in speaking of the forest of Dean, derives its name from *Ardene*, a wood, in the Gaulic and British languages. It lies between the two rivers Severn and Wye, and contains thirty thousand acres. The soil is well adapted for the growth of oaks, and forest timber; and the situation particularly commodious for exporting it for ship-building, and other purposes. The immense quantities of wood annually felled for the use of the navy, have so thinned this wood of its timber, that it is now preserved till a certain growth, by act of parliament. Camden observes, that the oak of this forest was so considerable, that the Spanish armada had orders to

destroy the timber of it in 1588: it suffered considerably in the great rebellion.

The iron manufactory has long been carried on in this forest; and to this day immense beds of iron cinders are found, the reliques of the Romans. These cinders are not half exhausted of their ore, and are consequently worked over again: a proof that the Romans knew only the weak power of the foot blast.

As we drew near

NEWNHAM,

the Severn became more considerable. The town, situated on the banks of the river, and backed by the forest of Dean, is very ancient, and in 1018 this manor was granted by King Canute to the Benedictine abbey of Pershore, in Worcestershire.*

The church-yard affords a variety of objects worthy the attention of the passing stranger, amongst which the church of Westbury forms the most conspicuous feature in the landscape.

* *Atkins's Gloucestershire.*

The view, previous to our descending the hill to

LIDNEY,

is extensive and beautiful. In this place iron works are carried on by a Mr. Pitchcock.—About a mile from Lidney, the Old Passage,—King's-road, with the merchant ships lying off Bristol,—Glocestershire and Somersetshire hills, studded with gentlemens' seats, churches, and half-seen cottages, formed a chearful landscape.

CHEPSTOW.

The weather prevented our seeing the celebrated walks of Piercefield, but we promised ourselves the pleasure of visiting them on our return down the Wye. The castle of Chepstow, called Kaswent, or Castelk Gwent, stands on a rock washed by the river Wye, near its influx into the Severn. Topographical writers differ in their accounts concerning the antiquity of the castle, but it is generally supposed to have been built at the same time with the town, appearing at that period to have been a kind of citadel to Chepstow.*

* *Grose's Antiquities*

The castle was formerly of great extent, as, according to Leland's account, the "waulles began at the end of "the great bridge over Wy," yet "in the castel ys one "tower, as I heard say, by the name of Langine." Little now remains of its former grandeur: but, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, we ascended the decayed steps of the tower, from whence the eye traced with pleasure the windings of the Wye, till it was at last lost in its conjunction with the Severn. With horror we examined the dark dungeon, where Henry Martin, one of the twelve judges, who sat to condemn Charles I. was confined seven and twenty years.

Grand views of the Bristol Channel still continued to form interesting objects from the road; but about three miles from Chepstow, we turned into some fields on the right, to examine the ivy-mantled walls of

CALDECOT CASTLE.

On our first entrance, we gazed with that wrapt astonishment, that fears to disturb, or be disturbed, by the mutual communication of thought.—Mr. Warner, in his survey of this ruin, was much disappointed; but I cannot help allowing, although the view from it was inferior to Chepstow, yet its antiquated walls wear a nobler

nobler appearance; and the gloom that reigns around it, forces a sigh, and evinces the transitory nature of sublunary greatness. The antiquity of the building is very obscure: it is situate on a flat, and memorable for the birth of Henry VII. Passing through the village of Caldecot, we soon entered

CAERWENT,

on the western side, through the broken fragments of its walls, of which one immense mass has recently fallen. This ancient town is now little more than a village, with a few scattered cottages, but formerly celebrated, under the auspices of Agricola, for its temples, theatre, porticoes, and baths; few vestiges of its former splendour are now extant. A few fragments of loose stones only remain to point out its former extent. In an orchard, adjoining a farm-house belonging to Mr. Lewis, is the beautiful tessellated Roman pavement, discovered in the year 1777. The tesserae or dies, about an inch in breadth, and half in depth, are nearly cubical, consisting of four colours, red, yellow, blue, and white,* which are still in great preservation; the whole is surrounded with a border, much resembling a Turkey carpet. The daily depre-

* *Warner's First Walk through Wales*

dations on these curious remains of antiquity are greatly to be lamented.

In the road from Caerwent, amongst other objects for admiration, the mansion of Sir Robert Salisbury, on the left, commanding an extensive view, attracted our notice. Passing through the neat village of Christchurch, animated with white-washed cottages, and graced with its simple church, which stands on an eminence, we left the turnpike road, at the thirteenth mile stone; and following a footpath through some fields, near the banks of the Uske, soon entered the ancient city of

CAERLEON,

over a wooden bridge, built on the same plan as Chepstow. This city was formerly a metropolitan see, but St. David, the national saint of Wales, thinking the noisy intercourse of a populous city, like *Caer-Lleon*, ill adapted for contemplation, or the solitary cast of his mind, removed it to Menevia, which from that period has been called *Ty Dewi* by the Welch, and St. David by the English.* The remains of its ancient grandeur

* He was buried in the cathedral church of St. David, and many hundred years after canonized by Pope Calistus the Second.—*Godwin's English Bishops*, p. 414.

are still discernible. Whilst tracing the extent of its amphitheatre, surrounded by a circular entrenchment, and the grandeur of its porticoes, we took a retrospect on the exertions of man, the fate of kingdoms, and of rulers; and, marking the grand destruction of ages, it seemed to convince us of the transiency of human worth and happiness! The ships in the Bristol Channel, with flat and steep holmes rising in the midst of the sea, formed pleasing objects in the distant view, whilst the mellow green of nearer woods, and meadows watered by the Uske, made a combination of hues gay and beautiful.

Near

NEWPORT

a new stone bridge is erecting by contract for ten thousand one hundred and sixty-five pounds, by Mr. Edwards, son to the Edwards, who built the famous Pont y Pridd. It is to consist of five arches.

Newport Castle, standing on the bank of the river Uske, is a small distance from the bridge: it evidently appears to have been once a place of considerable extent, and built for the defence of the passage over the river; three strong towers commanded the Uske, but towards the town a common wall, without any flanks, seems to have

have been its sole defence. Some of the windows still remain, the relics of Gothic architecture, and appear to have been elegantly decorated. From the tower is a fine view of the Uſke. Between Newport and

CARDIFF

we crossed the little stream of Ebwith, near the park of Tridegar house, belonging to Sir Charles Morgan. The grounds are well planned, and command the hills of Machan and Tombalœ, with the church of Passanefs rising in the centre, on an eminence. The whole valley, indeed, is prettily situated. Passing through the villages of Pediston and Castletown, we soon reached the bridge of two arches, over the river Romney, which divides England from Wales.

The situation of Cardiff is on a low flat, near the mouth of the Taff, over which has lately been thrown a new bridge, built by Mr. Parry in 1796: it consists of three large and two smaller arches. The tower of the church is very light, and of elegant workmanship; but nothing in the inside worthy of inspection.

The castle derives its name from the river Taff, which washes its walls; *Caertaph* signifying the town or castle upon Taff. Robert Fitzham having conquered

quered Glamorganshire, divided the country into different portions, among the twelve Norman knights, as a reward for their service, and took for his own share the town of Cardiff; and erected, in the year 1110, this castle, in which he generally resided, and held his court of chancery and exchequer. In the beginning of May 1645, during the troubles under Charles I. it was in the possession of the royalists, but it was surrendered to parliament before August 1646.

We entered the castle by two strong gates, which still remain in great preservation, but we were disgusted with the modern architecture of the new-built mansion, erected by the late Marquis of Bute: the neat shorn grass, the gravel walk, were circumstances that ill accorded with the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin, which has braved the storms of so many centuries. The circumstance which tends to render this castle a melancholy place in history, is the unjust confinement of Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother to William Rufus and Henry I. The accounts, however, of his confinement have been greatly exaggerated by historians; but a dark vaulted room, beneath the level of the ground, measuring nearly a square of fifteen feet and a half, is still pointed out as the place of his confinement; a small crevice in the top, about half a yard in length, and three inches wide, was the only place to admit the
air.

air. In this situation he died, after an imprisonment of six and twenty years, and was buried in Gloucester cathedral, where his effigy as big as life, carved in Irish oak, and painted, is yet shewn. The keep, which is still very perfect, of an octagon shape, stands on an eminence in the centre of a large square. Having walked round the ramparts, which command extensive views of the adjacent country, we visited the castle itself, which has, within these few years, been repaired, but still remains in an unfinished state. In the dining-room are some portraits, in length, of the Windsor family: the most striking are,

1st. Sir William, who first raised forces for Queen Mary.

2d. Sir Edward, who first entered the breach at the taking of St. Quintin, in Flanders, where the famous constable de Montmorency was taken prisoner.

In the breakfast-parlour is a family piece, consisting of seven figures: it was painted in the year 1568. Holbein, I rather imagine, was the painter: it consists of two sisters playing at cards, and two brothers at draughts, with Edward, Earl of Windsor, and his lady looking on. The style is stiff, with ruffs, small black caps and feathers.

Andrew

Andrew Windfor, to the right of the fire-place; general in the reign of Queen Ann, serving in the twenty-eighth regiment of foot - *Kneller.*

Thomas Windfor, to the left, who served in several wars of William and Queen Ann, and was colonel of the third regiment of dragoon guards, in the reign of George I. - - - - *Kneller.*

Lady Ursula Windfor - *ibid.*

Hon. Master Windfor - *Painter unknown.*

A good painting of Ursula, Countess of Windfor, with her grand-daughter Ursula Windfor, *Kneller.*

Thomas, Lord Windfor, governor of Jamaica - - - - *Vandyke.*

Hon. Charlotta Windfor - *Dahl.*

Hon. Ursula Windfor - *Dahl.*

Hon. Dixia Windfor, storekeeper of the ordnance, and for six successive parliaments member for Cambridge.

This castle belongs to a grand-son of the Marquis of Bute.

In this place, Robert, Earl of Gloucester founded a priory of White-friars, and another of Black, which continued till the reign of Henry VIII. Only the

shell of the White-friars is now extant, and the ruins of the Black-friars are inhabited by fishermen.

From hence we walked to inspect the remains of that once celebrated city

LANDAFF;

the ruins of the old cathedral are very beautiful; the door cases are all Norman architecture, elegantly moulded; two of which, on the north and south sides, are fine specimens of that æra. All the other parts are Gothic: the nave is unroofed. Within these ruins we entered the cathedral, which carries with it more the appearance of a modern theatre, than a place of divine worship, so erroneous was the taste of the architect, in combining with the sacred Gothic, a fantastical work of his own. Among several ancient monuments, are two very elegant ones of the Mathews family,* whose descendants own the site of the bishop's castle, of which only the gate remains: the rest, with the arch-deacon's house, was destroyed by Owen Glendour.† There are likewise the monuments of two bishops, with another, and the figure of Lady Godiva, full length, carved in marble on it.

* *Willis's Landaff*, p. 34.

† Grose, — Willis,

Landaff stands on a small eminence, commanding a view of Cardiff, and the surrounding country.—We returned again to Cardiff: and the first six miles of our road to

CAERPHILY

were not very interesting, till ascending Thorn Hill, the beauties of the vale below, with the islands of Flat and Steep Holmes rising in the distant prospect, the ruins of Cardiff Castle, and the ivy-mantled walls of Landaff cathedral, amply compensated for the trouble of climbing this eminence. A little farther on, Caerphily Castle burst upon our sight, and

—————“ seem’d to frown,
“ In awful majesty on all around.”

The founder, and the time of its erection are very uncertain; but I refer my readers to the first volume of the *Archæologia*; to an ingenious Dissertation, by Daines Barrington, where it is satisfactorily proved to have been the work of Edward I. This castle is one of the noblest ruins of ancient architecture now remaining in the kingdom, and exceeds all in bigness, except that of Windsor. The hall and the chapel may still be traced; the former measures about seventy feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and seventeen in height.

The roof is vaulted about eight feet high, and supported by twenty arches. On the north side is a chimney, ten feet wide, with two windows on each side, extending down to the floor, and carried above the supposed height of this room. At each angle was originally a round tower of four stories, communicating with each other by a gallery. On the west side of the hall stairs, is a low round tower, of one story, called the mint-house, with three painted arches on the south side, and a square well on the west. The leaning tower, towards the east end, more particularly engaged our notice: it is divided into two separate parts, by a large fissure, which runs from the top down almost to the middle. Its lineal projection is supposed to be on the outer side, about eleven feet and a half. On the west and north are visible vestiges of a draw-bridge. The east wall, on the south side of the principal entrance, is fluted between the buttresses, with battlements on their tops, to protect the intermediate walls.

At Caerphilly we perceived a great change in the manners of the people; in the whole village, scarcely one person was capable of speaking English.

We now came to the celebrated Vale of Glamorgan-shire, so justly styled the *Garden of South-Wales*; the rapid

rapid Taff forms an almost continued uproar for many miles; on the opposite side the mountains rose almost perpendicularly in a massy wall, and sometimes to the water's edge, finely clothed with wood. Every circumstance conspired to heighten the solitary grandeur of the scene, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy, which the views inspired. In this celebrated vale is found the famous Pont y pridd, or new bridge, about three quarters of a mile from the Duke of Bridgewater's Arms, a comfortable inn, and far surpassing our miserable quarters at Caerphilly. This wonderful bridge, of one arch, is the segment of a circle; the chord of it is one hundred and forty feet, and the height of the key-stone, from the spring of the arch, thirty-two feet and a half. It was erected in the year 1750, by William Edwards, a country mason, who failed in his attempt three times, till, by lightening the abutments, it has resisted, for many years, the torrents of the Taff.

The intrusion of art in this romantic valley, where nature has been so lavish of her beauties, is much to be lamented: a canal, for the purpose of conveying the iron from the Myther-works to Cardiff, renders it a place of frequent business and confusion; a place originally so well adapted to retirement and reflection,

MYTHER TIDVIL,

is a most miserable dirty place; the soil and the inhabitants both partook of a dark dingy colour: the women destitute of shoes and stockings, the men and boys the slaves of Vulcan. The iron-works, under the direction of Mr. Crawshaw, are the largest in the kingdom; not less than one thousand hands are employed by this gentleman, who allows the person who inspects the machinery, one-eighth of the profits, to keep them in repair. Four large blast furnaces, with a number of a smaller size, besides a row of forges, are continually in use. An enormous wheel has lately been constructed, with several inferior ones, acting in contrary directions, which pumps the air into a large space, from whence it is distributed, through various tubes, to each separate furnace. This wheel is fifty feet one inch in diameter, and six feet eight inches in width. The whole weight rests on gudgeons, of one hundred tons. The gudgeons of all the wheels, and of such parts of the machine where there is any friction, have water continually running over them, to prevent their taking fire. It is the particular office of one man to grease every part of the machine, whilst in motion; to accomplish which, he is frequently obliged to ride on an iron bar, similar to the lever of a pump when in motion, a considerable way

way from the ground. The whole of this machinery is worked by water, not more than a foot deep, which is conveyed by a long spout to the top of the wheel, where it discharges itself. The ore, flux,* and coals, which they use to promote the fusion of the ore, are all found on the spot. The ore, previous to its being thrown into the furnace, is burnt in a common lime-pit, the goodness of it afterwards proved, by its adhesion to the tongue: the coal is all charked, and continually put in the furnace, with certain proportions of ore. From the pigs, the iron is rolled into flat plates by a cylinder; this is performed with the greatest dispatch. The gaunt figures of the workmen excite both pity and terror, and the fallow countenances and miserable air of the people, prove it is a labour very prejudicial to their health. From hence we travelled the road to

PONT NEATH VECHAN,

inaccessible for carriages, indifferent for pedestrians, and affording nothing worthy our attention. It lay over a barren heath, with mountains on one side, and a dreary waste of land before us. About a mile and a half from Vechan, we unexpectedly descended through a wood into a rich romantic valley, watered by Neath

* i. e. lime-stone.

river. In this retired situation we found the Angel inn, of Pont Neath Vechan. Description can scarcely suggest the full grandeur and magnificence of this valley: woods, rocks, and waterfalls, all unite, to render it *beautiful*. Our Ciceroni first conducted us to the fall of Scotenogam, on the river Purthen, about a mile and a half from the house: this fall we saw to great advantage, the river having gathered in its course the accumulation of many torrents after the rain, precipitates itself in one majestic expanse of water, near seventy feet high; whilst the dark lowering rocks, on each side, contrasted finely with the varied vegetation around us. The descent is by no means easy, but the grandeur of the scene amply compensated for all difficulties. Our Ciceroni next conducted us to a very inferior one, called the Lady's Cascade, on the river Neath; but of this we caught a very indifferent prospect, the ascent of the mountain being inaccessible, and the water too high to admit of our obtaining a due inspection of it. We then returned to our inn, and set out a different road, in quest of nature's landscapes.—Having walked about three miles, we heard the angry roar of small cascades; this we considered as preludes of scenes, where the water-fall swells into a torrent; and we soon found ourselves near the fall of Lower Culhepste. The character of this cataraet differs very much from that of Scotenogam; being broken in its descent

descent from projecting rocks, of an immense size. About a quarter of a mile from hence, we descended a rugged and steep rock to examine the fall of Upper-Culhepste, about fifty feet high. The singularity of this fall invites the curiosity of the traveller more than any other in Wales: the whole river precipitates itself with such violence, as to leave a space between the rock and the fall sufficiently wide for a horse path. Though in less than two minutes we were completely wet by the spray, yet the effect was awful and sublime; and it was necessary to remember the fixed foundation of the rocks above our heads, to soften the awe they inspired. Near this fall is Porthogo Cavern; through which the river Vendre runs. The water was too high to admit our entrance; our Conductor, however, informed us, he had penetrated about half a mile, but found the river wind so many ways, he judged it safer to return, lest he should share the fate of a poor man, who lost himself in this cavern for the space of three days. On our return, a very intelligent gentleman, staying in the neighbourhood, strenuously recommended us to descend a steep mountain, on our left, to survey a curious quadrangular strata of marble in the rock below. With some difficulty we effected our purpose, having waded twice through the river. This strata in Welch is called *bwr maen*, which signifies a stone bow: it is situated close to the river Dynnas, which, forcing its way

way through some broken fragments of the rock, forms a cascade a little above. The price offered for this grey marble, in London, is fifteen shillings a foot square.

About five-miles from Vechan is the seat of Mrs. Holbrow, on the right. We were prevented visiting the water-falls of Melincourt and Aperdulas, the river, owing to the late floods, being too deep to ford. Our route still continued through the valley we had so much admired the evening before. As we drew near

NEATH,

the tower of Knole Castle had a pleasing effect from a distance: it was built by Sir Herbert Mackworth, and is at present in the possession of Lady Mackworth. The windows from the banqueting-room comprehend a circle of many miles diameter, composed of Neath valley and river, with the smoky town of Neath—the Mumbles Point—Swansea, and the Channel. The artificial cascade is well contrived, but, after the foaming torrents of Scotenogam and Culhepste, appears very tame.

The scite of the refectory, the chapel, the hall,
and

and several other rooms in the ruins of Neath Abbey, may still be traced. It stands on the east of the river, and was formerly, by Leland's account, the "fairest abbay of all Wales;" but in his *Collectanea** he seems to give Margam the preference of all the Cistercian houses in these parts. It was founded for white Monks, by Richard Granville. In this abbey, the unfortunate Edward II. secreted himself, in the year 1326, when prevented by contrary winds from his intended escape to Ireland; he was soon, however, discovered, and confined in the castle of Kenelworth, under the custody of the Earl of Leicester. Near the ruins are the copper-works. The ore is chiefly imported from Cornwall, and Wicklow in Ireland; being calcined, and thereby losing its sulphur, it is refined by the simple process of frequent melting, and taking off the dross, which forms a scum; lastly, being moulded into small plates, or pigs, it is shipped for the market. The method of reducing the metal, when melted into small particles, is by pouring it into water, and, when thus reduced, it is called *copper shot*. Brass is a compound of copper thus reduced, and *lapis calaminaris*, pulverized in crucibles, and moulded or cast into plates. *Lapis calaminaris* is dug in great quantities near Holywell in Flintshire.

The town of Neath is very unpleasantly situated,

* Vol. ii. p. 92.

and

and generally covered with the smoke of the copper-works; a circumstance which I should imagine renders it an unhealthy spot. On that account it is advisable, both for horsemen and pedestrians, in their way to Swansea, to take the road by Britton Ferry, in preference to the turnpike, which the smoke always renders offensive.

BRITTON FERRY.

This village is much resorted to, on account of its beautiful situation; and many a white-washed cottage straggles through the hamlet. The plantations of Lord Vernon are well disposed, and edge the water's brink: the river is constantly filled with vessels, whose gay streamers glittering to the sun-beam, present to the eye a constant moving object. Having crossed the Ferry, we proceeded on the sands to

SWANSEA.

The whole of this walk commanded a boundless view of the ocean to the west, whilst to the south the faint hues of Somersetshire coast skirted the horizon.

Swansea is a well-built sea-port town, on the river
Tawe,

Tawe, much resorted to during the summer months. The machines for bathing are kept about half a mile from the town, under the direction of Mrs. Landey, who likewise keeps a lodging-house near the place: the charges are twenty-five shillings a week, board and lodging; and ten shillings and six-pence a week for a private parlour. The castle is supposed to have been erected by Henry, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I.; the small arches round the top of it are exactly similar to the building of Lantphey Castle, and King John's Hall, St. David's, Pembrokeshire. This castle is now turned into a gaol and workhouse. The Market-place is said to be covered with the lead of St. David's cathedral, given by Cromwell to a gentleman of Swansea.

The clay used for the pottery, long carried on in this place, is brought from Corfe in Dorsetshire; having been mixed with finely-ground flint, and dissolved in water, it is passed through sieves, till it has lost all its coarser particles, then exposed to heat, which evaporates the water, and leaves the clay of a consistency sufficient for working. The vessel is first rudely formed by the hand, the clay being stuck to a circular board, which has an horizontal rotation. The other operation consists in the more perfect forming of the work by various processes, and the colouring, glazing, painting,

ing, and stamping; drying and baking kilns, complete the work.

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE,

about five miles from Swansea, is finely situated on an eminence, commanding a delightful prospect of the surrounding country, and the Mumbles' Bay. The ivy-mantled walls of this castle are sufficiently perfect, to distinguish what the apartments were originally designed for. It formerly belonged to the lords of Gower, but is now in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort. Our curiosity being satisfied, we hastened to the

MUMBLES,

celebrated far and near for the goodness and abundance of its oysters. This village stands at the extremity of Swansea Bay, on a vast mass of splintered rock: from this elevation, the wide expanse of the ocean and Swansea Bay are viewed to great advantage. These rocks are inaccessible at high-water, except in a boat; on the farthest is erected a light-house.

At Pennard, we descended some immense sand-banks,
which

which led us into Oxwich Bay: at the head of the sand-banks are the small remains of an old castle,* scarcely worthy of observation. The sands in this bay are extremely fine, and the bold projections of the rock exhibit nature in her most awful and impressive attitudes. To the right of Oxwich Bay is situate, at Penrice, the seat of Mr. Talbot: the grounds are well planned, and command extensive views of the sea: the old castle, rising behind the house, gave the whole a fine effect.

Between Penrice and the neat village of

CHERITON,

we observed to our right, on a hill, a large flat stone, several tons weight, resting on about six smaller ones, placed perpendicularly, and standing about five feet high: this is vulgarly called *King Arthur's stone*. It is here proper to forewarn both Tourists and Travellers, not to fix on Pennard, Penrice, or Cheriton, as places for a night's abode, as they cannot possibly be comfortably accommodated. This advice I mention from experience, for at the latter place, we were under the

* Pennarth, eight miles south-west of Swansea.

necessity of contenting ourselves with tables or chairs, as substitutes for beds, and even destitute of necessary provisions. On a hill, opposite our inn, we discovered evident vestiges of a Roman encampment; from this elevation the eye caught a fine view of Carmarthen Bay, and the bold promontory of Worm's Head, to the south-west: this rock is only accessible at low water.

The country through which we traversed for the four or five last miles, is inhabited by a colony of Flemings, who settled here in the reign of Henry I. In the reign of this king's father, a great number of Flemings, having been driven out of their habitations, by a very extraordinary inundation of the sea, sought protection in England, where they were cordially received. But so many of these people being dispersed in different parts of the kingdom, began, by the increase of their numbers, to create some uneasiness; which Henry I. removed, by settling them as a colony in South Wales, and gave them the country adjoining to Tenby and Haverfordwest. By this wise policy, the king rid his own dominions of an incumbrance, and curbed the insolence of the then rebellious Cambrians.* The little territory they inhabit is called *Gwyr*, and by the En-

* William of Malmesbury, p. 158.

glish, *Little England beyond Wales*, because their manners and language are still distinguishable from the Welsh, and, in point of speech, assimilate the English. These Flemings, to this day, seldom or never intermarry with the Welch: they speak good English, and are very much averse to the manners and language of the country they inhabit; both sexes generally distinguish themselves by wearing a short cloak, called *Gowy'r Wittle*.

In preference to a long walk, of near thirty miles, we crossed the river Bury, as the pleasantest and most expeditious way to

LLANELLY,

a miserable, dirty place, filled with miners and sailors,
From hence to

KIDWELY,

the road leads over the Penbree Hills; and from this elevation, the scenery is viewed to great advantage.

The castle of Kidwely, otherwise, *Cathweli*, was formerly, I imagine, of great extent, and is still the

D

most

most perfect we had hitherto met with in Wales. The extent of the apartments is distinguishable ; some of the staircases accessible ; and the four round towers, keep, gateway, and yard, spread an awful gloom around, whose beauties time had just sufficiently impaired, to heighten its grandeur and sublimity. Our guide expatiated much on the history and events of the castle, and told the story with as much agitation and interest, as if it had happened yesterday.

The road to

CAERMARTHEN,

we found unpleasantly hilly, but occasional vallies to our left enlivened our walk. Near Caermarthen we crossed a bridge of free-stone over the Towy. This river, running through the middle of this shire, falls into the British sea, at Caermarthen Bay, and is navigable for small vessels as far as the bridge. Immediately over it, upon a hanging rock, stand the remains of a once renowned castle. This town according to Giraldus's authority, was anciently a place of great strength, and fortified with brick walls, which are yet partly extant, near the river. This place, now considered as the capital of the county, was formerly
the

the residence of the Prince of South-Wales; and the ancient Britons here held their parliaments. The chancery likewise, and exchequer for South-Wales, were kept here, when this territory was first erected into a Principality, by the crown of England. In the thirty-eighth year of Henry VIII. it was created a borough-town.

This place is famous for having given birth to Merlin, who is styled, by an ancient Author, “ the sonne of a badde angell, or of an incubus spirit, the Britaine’s great Apollo, whom Geoffrey ap Arthur would ranke with the south-saying seer, or rather with the true prophets themselves; being none other than a meere seducer, and phantastically vizard.” He flourished in the year 480.

At the inn (Old Ivy-Bush) Sir Richard Steel composed his celebrated Play, called the *Conscious Lovers*.

From Caermarthen, we were recommended to go to

LAUGHARNE,

in order to see the castle, but it by no means answered our expectation: little part of it now remains; and the

neat gravel walk in the garden, is ill adapted for the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin. From the garden walks, grand and extensive sea-prospects interest the Traveller. About five miles from Laugharne, we passed a small place, called

GREEN BRIDGE.

It derives its name from an excavation in the rock, through which a little rivulet runs for a mile and a half. This cavity is completely concealed from the road, and impossible to be discovered unless pointed out by some neighbouring inhabitant. Let me, however, advise all Tourists to be cautious in their excursions to this natural curiosity, as it is a place evidently calculated for plunder, stratagems, and murder; and is now infested by an unawed banditti of smugglers, who have frequently practised the barbarous scheme of decoying vessels by false lights; and by whom we ourselves were insulted. Indeed, I would advise Travellers to alter their route from Swansea, and pursue the straight road to Caermarthen, and so to Tenby, by Narbeth. By these means they escape the unpleasant roads (and almost, indeed, inaccessible for carriages), leading from Oystermouth to Cheriton, and likewise from Llaugharne to Tenby. But should the Tourist be led by an
invin-

invincible curiosity to inspect the ruins of Kidwely Castle, it may easily be accomplished, by pursuing the turnpike-road to Kidwely, and from thence to Caermarthen : in this last route you only omit visiting the seat of Mr. Talbot, of Penrice ; though an object highly worthy of inspection.

At Saunders' Foot is a small bay, formed on one side by a rock called the Monkstone, and on the other by the Caermarthenshire coast. Near this place is situate the seat of Capt. Ackland ; and from thence to Tenby, the dark lowering rocks rose perpendicularly to a considerable height, and then branched out into overhanging crags. It was now dusk ;—and at this transforming hour, the bold promontories became shaded with unreal glooms,—the projecting cliffs assumed a more terrific aspect,—and the wild, overhanging underwood,

“ Wav'd to the gale in hoarser murmurs.”

TENBY,

is much resorted to, during the summer months, for bathing. It stands on a rock facing Caermarthen Bay : the bold promontory of the Monkstone Head to the

north, and St. Catherine's Point, to the south, form a fine amphitheatre. The shore is well adapted for bathing; the machines excellent; and a singular rock, rising in the sea, close to the shore, shelters the bathing machines, even in the most boisterous weather. On the south of Tenby, at the extremity of the small island of St. Catherine's, attainable at low water, are the remains of a Roman Catholic chapel. Entirely through this island is a singular perforation, which, without any difficulty, may be penetrated at the reflux of the tide. The views from the south sands are remarkably beautiful; the character of the rocks is here awfully wild, craggy, and impending; and the distant fishing-boats with their white sails, and the voices of the fishermen, who constantly frequent this coast, borne at intervals on the air, are circumstances which animate the scene: whilst the islands of Caldy and St. Margaret's opportunely rise, to render the terrific ocean beautiful. The retrospect is equally interesting; the neat town of Tenby, with the mutilated walls of its castle, closes this charming scene.

The ancient walls of Tenby are still sufficiently perfect, to shew its former strength and extent; and the four round towers, standing on the extremity of the rock, point out the situation of its castle. Near this is a ruinous building, supposed to be the remains of a
Flemish

Flemish manufactory, probably woollen. On the north sands is likewise another walk, equally beautiful, commanding the whole extent of Caermarthen Bay. On the summit of the rocks, over these sands, is the walk called the *Croft*: on this eminence is situated the hotel kept by Mr. Shaw; the accommodations are very good: the charges *per* week are eighteen shillings board, finding your own tea, sugar, wine, and porter; six shillings for a bed-room, and at the same rate a private parlour.

This place, from the vast quantity of fish caught near the coast, is called *Tenby-y-Piscoid*.

If the Tourist has leisure and opportunity, many excursions may be made during his stay at Tenby. The first, and most important is, to Pembroke and Milford-Haven. The road affords many grand and extensive sea views, with a faint prospect of Lundy Isle. About four miles from Tenby, stand the ruins of Mannorbeer Castle, supposed to have been erected about the time of William Rufus. A little farther on, the ivy-mantled walls of Carew Castle* burst upon us; and about three miles from Pembroke, the decayed and broken walls of

* The Pedestrian will not possibly find time to examine the ruins of Carew Castle, in this day's route, but will find it more convenient to visit it in his way from Tenby to Haverfordwest.

Llanfeth, or Lantphey Castle, attracted our notice, once the residence of the Bishops of St. David's, but now a monument of desolation. The three buildings of Swansea Castle; Lantphey Court; and King John's Hall, St David's, are very similar in their workmanship. We now arrived at

PEMBROKE.

Mr. Wyndham has so minutely delineated the present state of this castle, that I cannot do better than transcribe his account :

“ The approach (says this Author) to Pembroke
“ from the river, shews the town and castle to the
“ most beautiful advantage. The town is situated
“ upon the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually
“ ascending to the highest point, on which stands the
“ castle, at the brink of the precipice. If I may com-
“ pare small things with great, it much resembles the
“ situation of Edinburgh.

“ The castle is of Norman architecture, mixed with
“ early Gothic. The principal tower, which is un-
“ commonly high and perfect, has even its stone vaulted
“ roof remaining. The walls of this tower are four-
“ teen

“teen feet in thickness, the diameter of the space
“within is twenty-five, and the height, from the
“ground to the crown of the dome, is seventy-five
“feet; but visible marks appear within, that its height
“was originally divided by four floors.

“Henry VII. was born in the present castle. The
“natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately
“under the chapel, and opens with a wide mouth to-
“wards the river. A communication from the cavern
“to the castle, was made by a stair-case, on the outside
“of the rock; the entrance was barricaded with a
“strong wall, partly remaining, through which there
“is now a large door-way opened to the shore of the
“river. The cavern appears nearly circular; its dia-
“meter is fifty-three feet; and its height is propor-
“tionable to the diameter.

“In the civil war, this castle was a garrison for the
“crown, and being besieged, made a gallant defence.”

At Pembroke we hired a boat,* intending to sail
round the extensive Haven of Milford; and, as we re-
tired from the shore, we took a retrospect of the dilapi-

* The price for two oars, seven shillings and six-pence; and twelve
shillings and six-pence for four oars.

dated walls of the castle, once the terror, and even in ruins, the pride of the scene. It is most advisable to make this excursion at high water, as it adds much to the picturesque scenery of the *tout ensemble*.

MILFORD HAVEN,

is justly compared to “an immense lake; for the mouth
“not being at any distance visible, the whole Haven
“seems land-locked. Though it is a mile and three
“quarters wide, it could not be defended against an
“enemy, nor is there a sufficiency of timber in the
“neighbourhood.* This Haven is formed by a great
“advance of the sea into the land, it being above ten
“miles from the southernmost point at Nangle to Pem-
“broke, beyond which the tide comes up to and be-
“yond Carew Castle. It is capable of holding the
“whole navy of England, and the same is said of Cork
“harbour.† The spring tides rise thirty-six feet, the
“neap above twenty-six. Ships may be out of this
“Haven in an hour’s time, and in eight or ten hours
“over at Ireland, or at the land’s end, and this with
“almost any wind, by day or night.” Our reception
at the miserable place of

* Wyndham, p. 72.

† *Philosophical Survey of Ireland*.

HUBBERSTON,

did not induce us to stay longer than was sufficient to recruit ourselves. We found the dirty inn pre-occupied by unfortunate Irish refugees : their situation was indeed melancholy ;—driven from their country, their friends, and all, most dear to them !—And, wishing to forget their past sufferings, the following lines seem applicable to their situation :

“ Oh ! cou’d oblivion’s friendly draught

“ Sooth all our sorrows to repose ;

“ Nor that intruder, restless thought,

“ Renew our agonizing woes !

“ Then all, unconscious of the past,

“ The present hour might calmly glide ;

“ Keen retrospect no more be cast

“ O’er life’s tempestuous, changeful tide :

“ Yet Heaven, to all its creatures kind,

“ With peace can gild the deepest gloom ;

“ And, mid misfortune’s wrecks, the mind

“ May sweet serenity assume.”

Having refreshed ourselves, we walked to Milford, a small village, opposite Hubberston : several comfortable
houses

houses are situated on the hill, commanding a delightful view of the Haven. Being satisfied with our day's excursion, we again returned to our comfortable quarters at

TENBY,

which we left with regret a few days afterwards.— We again pursued the Pembroke road; and, about two miles from Tenby, the neglected walls of Carew Castle invited curiosity;—and,

“ Deep struck with awe, we mark'd the dome o'erthrown,
“ Where once the beauty bloom'd, the warrior shone :
“ We saw the castle's mouldering tow'rs decay'd,
“ The loose stone tott'ring o'er the trembling shade.”

This castle, I imagine, was intended more for a noble residence, than a place of defence. The walls of this building are very thick, and constructed with stones, of a large size, strongly cemented with mortar. It is situated on a branch of Milford Haven, and consists of a range of apartments built round a quadrangle, with a circular tower at each corner. The south wall is entirely demolished; but the north consists of a spacious hall, measuring one hundred and two feet by twenty, supposed to have been built by Sir John Perrot:

Perrot: above and under this hall, are noble apartments, and extensive offices. This castle appears to have been erected at different times, if we may judge from the architecture. Every ledge of the walls of the towers, denoting the different stories, were embossed with vegetation, which seemed to grow from the solid stone. Over the gate-way, at the west side, are the arms of England, Duke of Lancaster, and Carew; and contiguous to this entrance, is another spacious room, measuring eighty feet by thirty.

In the farm-yard, adjoining the church, which has a lofty square tower, is a dilapidated stone-building, called the Parsonage.

Leaving Carew, we crossed a small bridge over an arm of Milford Haven, and continued our route across a barren and uninteresting heath; till, descending to the village of

CRESSELEY,

the luxuriant plantation of firs, belonging to Sir William Hamilton, attracted our attention. Small vessels constantly frequent this quay, from whence a quantity of small coal is shipped to different parts. From hence
the

the road is extremely barren and unpicturesque; but, about three miles from

LANDSHIPPING,

an arm of Milford Haven again burst upon our sight. Near it is situated the uninhabited house of Sir William Owen. In crossing the ferry, Picton Castle, the property of Lord Milford, formed a prominent feature in the gay scene; and Slebitch, the seat of Mr. Philips, standing at the end of the Haven, contributes considerably to this picturesque prospect.

The grounds of

PICTON,

through which we passed, about five miles in extent, seemed to be well planned, and kept in excellent order.

This castle has always been inhabited; and having escaped the fate of all other castles in Wales, during the civil wars, it retained, till very late, much of its original external form. It is now occupied by Lord Milford, and rendered a very comfortable summer residence.

dence. At the extremity of the park, a good turnpike-road soon conducted us to

HAVERFORD-WEST,

which is considered as one of the largest towns in South-Wales. It is very irregularly built, on the declivity of a hill, which is, in some parts, so very steep, that the ground-rooms frequently overlook the neighbouring roofs; yet there are some good houses. It is considered as a county of itself, and sends one member to parliament. The town was formerly fortified by a strong wall, or rampart, on the western summit: the shell of a once-extensive castle, is still remaining; this is now converted into a gaol.

The Parade, commanding a cheerful view of the neighbouring country, and the ruins of an ancient abbey, extends for a considerable way, by the side of a hill. At the extremity of this walk, stand the ruins of an ancient priory of Black Canons: the remains are now very inconsiderable, but we easily traced the chapel, over one end of which is an arch, still in good preservation, and beautifully entwined with the rich drapery of ivy.

Haverford is called by the Welch, *Hwlfordh*.* Having finished our survey of Haverford, we started early the next morning, proposing to breakfast at

NEWGIN BRIDGE,

where we understood we should meet with every thing comfortable; but, to our disappointment, we found a most miserable, dirty pot-house, destitute of even the common comforts of life. We were literally obliged to stoop, in order to gain access to the kitchen, which contained a small bed, and a few chairs; through this an elderly woman conducted us to what she distinguished by the name of a parlour: in this room the furniture consisted of two beds, a dirty table, and a few chairs. With disgust we left this miserable hovel, and contented ourselves with a basin of milk: we declined eating the bread, or rather oatmeal cake, which was of the coarsest and hardest nature. I here recollected Shen-

* "This castle (says an eminent Author) is said to have been built by Gilbert, Earl of Clare, who lived in the reign of King Stephen; and Camden reports, that Richard, Earl of Clare, made Richard Fitz-Tancred governor thereof. It was one of those in the hands of the Flemings, when they first came into Dyvet, or Pembrokeshire."

stone's complimentary lines on an inn, but could not apply them on the present occasion :

“ Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
 “ Where'er his stages may have been,
 “ May sigh to think that he has found
 “ The warmest welcome at an inn.”*

The road from Haverford to Newgin we found very uninteresting ; and the shell of

ROACH CASTLE

did not detain us long. It stands on a rocky eminence, now completely in ruins, with only one tower remaining. “ Roach Castle (says Leland) in Roufeland, to “ the right of the road to St. David's, shews a round “ and some double out-works, visible at a great distance. “ It belonged to the lords Ferrars, and old Langeville, “ knt. of Bucks.”

In descending the hill to Newgin, the dark lowering rocks, which form that fine bay, called St. Bride's, exhibited a grand prospect. In the centre of this bay is situated Newgin, bounded on the south by the island

* These lines were frequently repeated by Dr. Johnson, whose partiality to inns is well known.

of Skomar, and on the north by Ramsay. The fields adjacent to this place have been frequently inundated, by extraordinary overflowings of the sea : at the reflux of the tide, the sands admit of most excellent walking.

The faunter from hence to the city of

ST. DAVIDS,

now properly deserving the name of a village, was rather more captivating than our walk before breakfast : it was occasionally enlivened by the prospect of the wide ocean, boundless to our view on one side, whilst before us the fantastic shapes of the rocks off St. David's Head, exhibited Nature, in her most awful and striking attitudes. Above the rest, Caern Thydy lifted its bold promontory, as if to give effect to the rude landscape. About half way between Newgin and St. Davids, the beautiful little village of Solva unexpectedly burst upon our view ; studded with neat white-washed cottages, and enclosed on each side with lofty rocks, which here form a picturesque and interesting chasm. These rocks, indeed, I could almost imagine, were torn asunder by some convulsive rent of the earth. The cathedral, and dilapidated ruins of the episcopal palace, are situated at the bottom of a steep hill, and scarcely visible in the town :

town: these, and the prebendal houses, were formerly enclosed by a strong stone wall, with four gates, computed at eleven hundred yards in circuit. David,* the national saint of Wales, with the consent of King Arthur, is said to have removed the metropolitan see from Cær Lleon to Menevia, which has ever since been called *Ty Dewi*, by the Welch, and St. David, by the English. What was the condition and extent of this town formerly, is difficult to say, having been so frequently destroyed. At present it is a very small city, and has nothing to boast, but its ruined palace, and old cathedral, dedicated to St. Andrew and St. David, which has often been demolished, but rebuilt, in its present form, by Bishop Peter, according to Giraldus, in the reign of Henry II. or as Willis, 1110, in Rhos Vale, below the town. It is still esteemed a noble pile, consisting of two transepts, measuring in length, from east to west, three hundred feet, and the body, with the aisles, seventy-six feet broad.

* “ This celebrated person was uncle to King Arthur, and son of a Prince of Wales. After being seated in the see of St. David sixty five years, and having built twelve monasteries; after having been exemplary in the piety of those days, this holy person died, at a most advanced period of human life; having attained, as it is said, to the age of one hundred and forty-six years. He was buried in the cathedral church of St. David; and many years after canonized by Pope Calistus the Second.”—*Warrington's History of Wales*, vol. ii, p. 385.

“ Behind the choir is a most beautiful chapel, with
 “ a rich roof of carved stone, built by Vaughan, in the
 “ time of Henry VIII. as a kind of presbytery, between
 “ the choir and Lady chapel. In the last, whose roof,
 “ as well as those of the aisles of the choir and tran-
 “ septs, have been down ever since the civil war, are
 “ monuments of three bishops, and in the nave, &c.
 “ four or five more. In the north wall of the choir
 “ is the shrine of St. David, a kind of altar tomb, with
 “ a canopy of four pointed arches, and in front four
 “ quatrefoil holes, into which the votaries put their
 “ offerings, which were taken out by the Monks at two
 “ iron doors behind. In the choir are also the monu-
 “ ments of Owen Tudor, second husband of Queen
 “ Catharine, Rhys ap Tudor,* Bishops Jorwerth and
 “ Anselm, in the thirteenth century, and Edmund,
 “ Earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII. This last
 “ monument is said to have prevented Henry VIII.
 “ from removing the see to Caermarthen. Giraldus
 “ Cambrensis, who was archdeacon of Brecon, canon
 “ of Hereford, and rector of Chesterton, Oxford, was
 “ buried here 1213.† On the north side of the church
 “ are some walls of St. Mary’s College, founded by

* To whose son a MS. t. Elizabeth, quoted by Willis, p. 69, gives Owen’s monument.

† *Tan. Bib. Brit.*

“ Bishop Houghton, and John of Gaunt, 1365, valued
“ at one hundred and six pounds *per annum*.”*

It is much to be regretted, that so little regard has been paid to the internal appearance of this noble pile; the whole of it has lately been white-washed, which gives it too much the air of a modern building: the external part, I am sorry to add, has been equally neglected; and the chapels and monuments exposed to the wanton mischief of boys and idle people. The west front of the cathedral has very lately been repaired by a Mr. Nash,† who has endeavoured, with bad success, to imitate the beautiful circular window remaining in the ruins of the bishop’s palace. The stone, likewise, with which it is built, is of so soft a substance, that it even moulders with the touch of the finger; but possibly it may, by being exposed to the air, like the Bath stone, become more solid; and, when by time it shall have acquired a darker hue, may then better correspond with the original building.

The bishop’s palace now stands a monument of desolation;—and as we walked over the loose fragments of stone, which are scattered through the immense area of the fabric, the images of former times rose to reflec-

* Tan. 720.

† This gentleman, I believe, is an inhabitant of Worcester.

tion,—when the spacious hall stood proudly in their original splendor; when the long aisles of the chapel were only responsive to the solemn, slow-breathed chaunt. In this palace is a very long room, purposely erected for the reception of King John: at the extremity of it is a circular window, of very elegant and curious workmanship.

Giraldus gives us a true description of the country round St. Davids, representing it “as a stony, barren, “unimprovable territory, undecked with woods, undivided by rivers, unadorned with meadows, exposed “only to wind and storms.” Such, indeed, is the state and situation of St. Davids; and, the environs having no hedges to divide the property of the farmers, the sheep, and even the geese, are all tethered together.

The walk to St. David’s Head, though barren, represents a view striking and awful: sublimity gives place to elegance: yet what is it to view?—a boundless waste of ocean;—not a glimpse of smiling nature, —not a patch of vegetation, to relieve the aching sight, or vary the objects of admiration. The rocks on this shore, are shook into every possible shape of horror; and, in many parts, resemble the convulsions of an earthquake, splintered, shivered, and amassed. On these rocks stood the famous rocking stone, or *Y mean*
figl,

figl, which, “ though twenty yoke of oxen could not “ move it, might be shaken with the slightest touch.” We understood it was thrown off its balance, by order of the farmer, to prevent the curious from trampling on his grounds. “ A mile strait west from St. Davids, “ betwixt Portclais and Porthmaur,”* is the shell of Capel Stinen, St. Stinan’s, or St. Justinian’s Chapel.

From this spot is an extensive view of Whitland Bay, called by the Welch *Porth Maur*, or the Great Bay; in which stand the six rocks, called *The Bishop and his Clerks*. Half a league from hence is

RAMSEY ISLE,

half a mile long, and three quarters broad, and divided into two considerable farms. The whole island is well stocked with rabbits; and, during the spring, the Razorbill, Puffin, and Harry birds, resort here in flocks.

Our walk, from St. Davids to

FISHGUARD,

afforded us little room for observation; the eye, howe-

* Leland, vol. v. p. 25.

ver, kept in view a wide range of the unbounded ocean, till, dim with exertion, it by degrees reposed on the dark lowering rocks, which, disregarding the angry roar of the waves, seemed to project their broad sides, to augment the idle tumult. Quitting the turnpike road, in search of the place where the French effected their landing in 1797, we passed a neat house, called Caergwent, belonging to Mrs. Harris. The kind attentions of a farmer, in the neighbourhood of this memorable spot, claim our warmest acknowledgments. Having finished a most comfortable meal at Mr. Mortimer's house, (which, during the confusion was considered the head-quarters of the French, commanded by general Tate) he explained all the minutiae respecting this circumstance; and very obligingly pointed out the situation of their camp, and related many entertaining and interesting anecdotes. Deeply impressed with gratitude towards Mr. M. for his civilities, we soon arrived at Goodric Sands. This spot was very judiciously selected by Lord Cawdor, as a proper place for the French to lay down their arms; for, had they resisted, a cannonade of grape-shot, from a neighbouring fortress, would have instantly played upon them. Fishguard stands on a steep rock, with a convenient harbour, formed by the river Gwain; though its situation and bay are interesting, it is by no means a desirable place to remain long at.

Several

Several Druidical monuments* engaged our attention, as we drew near

NEWPORT,

called by Giraldus Llanhever, or the town on the river Nevern. The fragments of the castle are too insignificant to invite the curiosity of the passing traveller: it was demolished by Llewellyn, Prince of South-Wales, when possessed by the Flemings.

The country beyond Newport presented a more pleasing countenance: wood, water, hill, and vale, all unite, even to induce the plodding citizen to pause, and wish to spend the evening of his days in the vicinity of its enchantment. In this interesting situation, we found the village of Velindre:—we here particularly observed the stony quality of the hills, and could not avoid condemning the folly of the inhabitants of Velindre, in building their cottages of mud, and sparingly covering them with straw, when Nature herself seemed to place comforts, if not luxuries, before their view. But, perhaps, these reproaches were ill-grounded: for, thus veiled in obscurity, they were happy, as they knew

* For a description of these monuments, see Wyndham.

not enough of the world seriously to regret the want of these conveniences : their situation, indeed, seemed to verify the philosophical sentiment of Gray :

“ Since ignorance is blifs,
 “ ’Tis folly to be wife.”

For though they suffer the extremes of filth and penury, yet they enjoy the two inestimable blessings, health and felicity.

The broken towers of

KILGERRAN CASTLE,

soon attracted our notice. The relicks of this ruin stand on a point of rock, impending over the river Tyvi, whose beauty time had only impaired, to heighten its grandeur. Two imperfect circular towers, and the fragments of a wall, now only remain. The river Tyvi, I imagine, abounds with fish, as we observed at every door, in the village of Kilgerran, a coracle.* The construction of this little water conveyance is remarkably simple, and intended solely for the use of fishing : a thick skin, or coarse pitched canvas, is stretched over

* It receives its name from *corium*, a hide, or skin.

wicker-work. This singular fishing-boat conveys only one man, who manages it with the greatest adroitness imaginable; the right hand being employed in using the paddle, the left in conducting the net, and the teeth in holding the line. Two coracles generally co-operate, to assist each other in fishing: they usually measure about five feet long, and four broad, and rounded at the corners; and, after the labours of the day, are conveyed, on the back, to the little cot of the fisherman, which is looked upon as a necessary appendage to the cottage door.

Description can scarcely suggest the full magnificence and beauty of the saunter from hence to Cardigan: the valley, about two miles in extent, seemed to possess all that Nature inherits; sloping hills, two hundred feet high, covered with wood, from the water's edge, to their highest summit, and at the most acceptable distances, and truly happy situations, interrupted by a bold, naked, and projecting rock: whilst the broad and translucent stream of the Tyvi reflects, as in a mirror, the blackness of the impending shades. The retrospect commands the romantic ruins of Kilgerran Castle, whose mutilated walls close this delicious landscape. The whole valley bears a strong resemblance to the situation of the celebrated Fiercefield. As this spot is entirely lost, by keeping the turnpike road, it is
advi-

advisable for travellers, in general, to hire a boat from Cardigan to Kilgerran: this, our humble, and less-encumbered mode of travelling rendered unnecessary.

At Llechryd, not far from Kilgerran, extensive tin-works are carried on by Sir Benjamin Hamet. Having already examined works of this nature at Neath, we preferred the romantic vale of Kilgerran; as to accomplish both, would have occupied too much time.

We entered the town of

CARDIGAN,

over a handsome stone-bridge, built over the Tyvi, which is here of considerable width. In front of this stands, on a steep eminence, the castle, consisting chiefly of its outer walls, which prove it to have been once a considerable building. This place, considered the principal town of the county, is called by the Britons *Abertuvi*; which name it receives from standing near the *mouth of the river Tyvi*. It was fortified, together with the castle, by Gilbert, son of Richard Clare, and demolished by Rhees ap Gryffith.

The

The town is large, and regular ; its chief trade consisting in lead, exported to Ireland. The church is large, and well built, with a handsome tower. The new gaol, finished in 1797, is conveniently situated, and appears to be a well-planned building.

One mile from Cardigan is

ST. DOGMAEL's ABBEY,

called, by Leland,* a “ Priory of Bonhommes.” The *Monasticon* places this house amongst the Benedictines ; but it was that strict and reformed sort of Benedictines, called the order of *Tiron*, founded by *Martin of Tours*, who conquered the country of Cemmeis, about the time of King William the Conqueror. Part of the ruins is now converted into a chapel, for the convenience of the vicinity.

At the second mile stone, in our road from Cardigan, to the village of

LLANARTH,

we halted a short time, to take a retrospect of the

* *Itin.* vol. v. p. 12.

country we had passed. From this spot, the town and castle of Cardigan, standing on an eminence, in the centre of a broad valley, and encircled with hills, beautifully introduced themselves to our view. From hence to

ABERAERON,

grand sea prospects continued to enliven our route;— whilst the faint and still fainter hues of the coast of Ireland appeared just visibly skirting the distant horizon.

Aberaeron is situated in a vale, near the conflux of the river Aeron with the sea: from whence it receives its name; *Aber* signifying the *mouth* of any thing.

The entrenchment, mentioned by Sael, in his *Collection of Tours*, about a mile from Aberaeron, is now almost washed away, by the daily encroachments of the sea. We lamented, that the Druidical sepulchral monuments, mentioned by the same Author, were inadvertently passed unnoticed by us.

In this day's journey, we still continued to indulge the sublime emotions, which an unconfined view of the
ocean

ocean always inspires; a serene day, with partial gleams of sunshine, gave magical effects to the scenery; and the sea was enlivened with many a vessel, passing each other in various directions, and contributing to render the terrific ocean beautiful. Before us, the towering mountains of Merionethshire glittered in all those colours of beauty, which constitute the sublime; and we appeared only to climb one hill, to view others still rising in endless perspective: over the whole was diffused the rich glow of evening; and the distant mountains were variegated by the parting tinge of lingering day. A neat church, backed by romantic hills, animated the village of Llanrysted. Three miles from

ABERYSTWITH,

we paused at Llanryan Bridge, to admire the rich banks rising on each side of the river Ystwith, over which this bridge is thrown; it is built in the style of the celebrated Pont y prydd, in the vale of Glamorganshire. We entered the town of Aberystwith, over a temporary wooden bridge.* In the year 1796, a stone bridge experienced the same fate with many others in Wales, occasioned by a sudden thaw: Mr. Edwards, from Dol-

* Over the river Rhyddol.

gelly is now engaged in erecting another, by contract, consisting of six arches.

Aberystwith, partaking much of the dirt of sea-ports in general, is situated at the termination of the vale of Rhyddol, in the bay of Cardigan, and open to St. George's Channel. The environs are stony and rugged; the coast affords indifferent bathing being much exposed; and the shore rough and unpleasant. In fine, it is, in almost all respects, the reverse of Tenby, except it has the advantage in the number of houses, and, consequently, more company. At the extremity of the town, upon an eminence, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, of which little now remains but a solitary tower, overlooking a wide expanse of sea. It was rendered famous, by being, at one time, the residence of the great Cadwalader, and in all the Welch wars considered as a fortress of great strength: it was built by Gilbert Strongbow, 1107, and rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277, a few years before his complete conquest of Wales. The ruin of the castle now affords a pleasant walk.

But what formerly rendered this town more considerable were the rich lead mines in its vicinity. These mines are said to have yielded near a hundred ounces of silver from a ton of lead, and to have produced a
profit

profit of two thousand pounds a month. Sir Hugh Middleton here made the vast fortune, which he afterwards expended on the New River, constructed for the purpose of supplying the northern side of London with water. But Thomas Bushell raised these mines to their greatest height: an indenture was granted to him by Charles I. for the coining of silver pieces, to be stamped with ostrich feathers, on both sides, for the benefit of paying his workmen. This gentleman was afterwards appointed governor of Lundy Isle. The most considerable lead mine was that of Bwlch-yr-Eskir-his, discovered in 1690. The ore was here so near the surface, that the moss and grass in some places scarcely covered it.

Close to the scite of the old castle, Mr. Uvedale Price, of Foxley in Herefordshire, has erected a fantastic house in the castellated form, intended merely as a summer residence. Mr. Nash, of Caermarthen, was the architect: it consists of three octagon towers, with a balcony towards the sea. The rooms are well contrived, and elegantly furnished: the windows command an unlimited view of St. George's Channel; and the dilapidated fragments of the castle, are from hence viewed to great advantage.

We determined to pursue the banks of the meander-

F

ing

ing Rhyddol, in preference to the turnpike road, in our way to Havod.

This valley comprehends every thing that constitutes the beautiful : it is enclosed by high mountains on each side, vegetating to their summits ; indeed, all the tints of verdure and diversity of foliage, here introduce themselves in one view ; the Rhyddol struggling with the huge masses of rock,—its never-ceasing, tumultuous motion,—its sparkling foam ;—in fine, every thing that can be imagined, by the most enthusiastic admirer of nature, is blended in this short excursion :—

—————“ *is not this vale*

“ More free from peril than the envious courts ?

“ Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

“ The season’s difference, as the icy fang

“ And churlish chiding of the winter’s wind.”

SHAKSPEARE.

To the inquisitive pedestrian, (for this vale is inaccessible for carriages,) the old church of Llanbadem Vawr, which signifies *The church of Great Paternus*, a native of Bretagne, is particularly interesting ; who, as the Writer of his Life expresses it, “ by feeding governed, and by governing fed the church of Cre-
“ tica.” To his memory this church, and formerly

an

an episcopal see, was founded : but the bishopric, as Roger Hoveden writes, “early declined, because the
“ parishioners slew their pastor.*

As we drew near the

DEVIL's BRIDGE,

a long chain of mountains excited our admiration, encircled half way down with a thick mist, similar in appearance to a girdle : this circumstance seems to justify the bold imaginary, and beautiful description of a mountain given by the Poet :

“ As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
“ Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
“ Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
“ Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

GOLDSMITH.

The comfortable inn, situated near this romantic spot, stands in front of the river Rhyddol, and commanding the most picturesque view fancy can paint, was built by the respectable and truly hospitable owner of Havod.

* The additions to Camden, 1695, suppose this, Bishop Idnert.

This celebrated bridge, so much the object of curiosity and admiration, is so completely environed with trees, that many travellers, not intent upon deep investigation, or in pursuit of nature's landscapes, may pass over it, without the least suspicion of the dreadful aperture, or the ancient structure, that conveys them over the gulf. On the eastern side we descended a steep, and treacherous bank, consisting of slate rock, or *laminæ*, I should imagine, near a hundred feet: this is the computed measurement; but the eye, confused by the awfulness of the scene, loses its faculty of judging. From this spot, the vast chine, or chasm, over which the bridge is thrown, is seen to great advantage: the whole of this fissure was probably occasioned by some convulsion of nature, as each indenture seems to correspond with the opposite protuberance. Under the bridge, the river Mynach, in its confined course, meeting with obstructions of massy rock, and fragments of prodigious size, rushes through the chasm with irresistible violence.

This bridge is called in Welsh *Pont-ar-Fynach*, or Mynach Bridge: it consists of two arches, one thrown over the other. The foundation of the under one is of great antiquity, and vulgarly attributed to the invention of the Devil: it is supposed to have been erected as far back as the year 1087, in the reign of William
liam

liam II., by the Monks of Strata Florida Abbey, the ruins of which are still visible, about ten miles from hence. Gerald mentions his passing over it, when he accompanied Baldwin, Archbishop of Cambray, at the time of the crusades, in the year 1188, and in the reign of Richard I. The original arch being suspected to be in a ruinous condition, the present bridge was built over it, at the expence of the county, in the year 1753. The width of the chasm is estimated at about thirty feet.

Our Ciceroni first conducted us to a fall on the river Rhyddol, unobserved in Walker's *Description of the Devil's Bridge*, and unnoticed by Warner. The character of this fall is remarkably singular: a huge fragment of rock, projecting over the river for a considerable way, precipitates the water in a singular, and almost inexpressible direction; the rocks are occasionally variegated by the dark foliage of underwood, and sometimes barren, rugged, and impending.

Description cannot suggest the full magnificence of the prospect which spread before us, on our arrival at the grand fall of the Mynach; for though it may paint the grandeur of the elegance of outline, yet it cannot equal the archetypes in nature, or draw the minute features, that reward the actual observer, at every new choice of

his position : reviewing this thundering cataract, in the leisure of recollection, these nervous lines of Thomson seem to describe much of the scene :

“ Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
“ Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
“ In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
“ It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
“ At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
“ Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
“ And from the loud-resounding rocks below
“ Dash’d in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
“ A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
“ Nor can the tortured wave here find repose :
“ But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
“ Now flashes o’er the scatter’d fragments, now
“ Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
“ And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
“ With wild infracted course, and lessen’d roar,
“ It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
“ Along the mazes of the quiet vale.”

The following Table, taken from Walker’s *Description of the Devil’s Bridge*, gives the exact height from the top of the bridge, to the water underneath, and the different falls from thence, till the Mynach delivers itself into the Rhyddol below :

FALLS,

FALLS, &c.

	Feet.
From the bridge to the water	- 114
First fall - - -	18
Second ditto - - -	60
Third ditto - - -	20
Grand cataract - - -	110
From the bridge to the Rhyddol	- 322

The rocks on each side of the fall rise perpendicularly to the height of eight hundred feet, and are finely clothed with the richest vegetation, to the loftiest summit.

Near the basin of the first fall from the bridge we entered a dark cavern, formerly inhabited by a set of robbers, two brothers and a sister, called *Plant Mat*, or *Plant Fat*, signifying Matthew's children. Tradition reports, that they committed various depredations in the neighbourhood, and lived concealed in this "*specus horrendum*" for many years, from the keen research of "day's garish eye." The entrance just admits sufficient light to make "darkness visible."

With regret we left this romantic spot; where, if retirement ever had "local habitation," this was her

“ place of dearest residence.” “ One excursion” (says Mr. Cumberland) “ to this place, will not suffice common observers ; nor indeed many, to the lovers of “ the grand sports of nature.” “ The Mynach” (in another place he describes) “ coming down from beneath the Devil’s Bridge, has no equal for height or “ beauty that I know of ; for although a streamlet, to “ the famous fall of Narni in Italy, yet it rivals it in “ height, and surpasses it in elegance.

“ After passing deep below the bridge, as through a “ narrow firth, with noises loud and ruinous, into a “ confined chasm, the fleet waters pour headlong and “ impetuous, and leaping from rock to rock, with fury, “ literally lash the mountain’s sides ; sometimes almost “ imbowered among deep groves, and flashing, at last, “ into a fan-like form, the fall rattling among the “ loose stones of the Devil’s Hole—where to all appearance, it shoots into a gulf beneath, and silently “ steals away : for so much is carried off in spray, “ during the incessant repercussions it experiences, in “ this long tortuous shoot, that in all probability, not “ half the water arrives at the bottom of its profound “ and fullen grave.”

Four miles from hence, on the Llandiloe’s road, is situated

HAVOD,

HAVOD,

the celebrated seat of Mr. Johnes. The former part of the road is barren and uninteresting : but, on our first entrance into the grounds, all our past complaints were lost in expressions of admiration. The mansion is a very elegant piece of architecture, built of Portland stone, and the plan entirely novel, being a mixture of the Moorish and Gothic, with turrets and painted windows. The whole of it indeed does great credit to the architect, Mr. Baldwyn of Bath. It is situated near the banks of the river Ystwith, and beautifully environed by lofty hills, clothed with oak. The interior of the house corresponds in elegance with the exterior. From the hall we were conducted through a suite of elegant apartments, very judiciously fitted up with paintings, statues, and antiques ; but the library more particularly engaged our notice, containing a choice and valuable collection of books : this octagonal room is built in the form of a dome, with a gallery round it, supported by a colonade of variegated marble pillars, of the ancient Doric order, with a circular window at top, for the admission of light. We entered through a handsome door, inlaid with a large reflecting mirror ; immediately opposite is another door, of transparent plate-glass,

glafs, leading to the conservatory, three hundred feet in length, and containing a number of curious, and rare exotics, with a walk down the centre of the building. In fine, the effect of the *tout ensemble* can better be imagined than described. Amongst the other things worthy of admiration, a handsome statue, in the library, of Thetis dipping Anchises in the river Styx, more particularly detains attention. We next passed through the billiard-room, and were conducted to the top of the stair-case, to admire two elegant paintings, the subjects taken from Capt. Cook's *Voyages*: the painter is unknown. Many of the rooms are beautifully furnished with rich Gobelin tapestry.

To give my Readers a just conception of the beauties of Havod, I shall beg leave to borrow the elegant description of it, drawn by the masterly pen of Mr. Cumberland :

“ Havod,” says Mr. Cumberland, “ is a place in itself so pre-eminently beautiful, that it highly merits a particular description. It stands surrounded with so many noble scenes, diversified with elegance, as well as with grandeur ; the country on the approach to it is so very wild and uncommon, and the place itself is now so embellished by art, that it will be difficult, I believe, to point out a spot that can be put
“ in

“ in competition with it, considered either as the object
“ of the painter’s eye, the poet’s mind, or as a desirable
“ residence for those who, admirers of the beautiful
“ wildness of nature, love also to inhale the pure air
“ of aspiring mountains, and enjoy that *santo pacé* (as
“ the Italians expressively term it,) which arises from
“ solitudes made social by a family circle.

“ From the portico, it commands a woody, narrow,
“ winding vale; the undulating forms of whose ascend-
“ ing, shaggy sides, are richly clothed with various
“ foliage, broken with silver water-falls, and crowned
“ with climbing sheep-walks, reaching to the clouds.

“ Neither are the luxuries of life absent; for, on the
“ margin of the Ystwith, where it flows broadest
“ through this delicious vale, we see hot-houses, and a
“ conservatory; beneath the rocks, a bath; amid the
“ recesses of the woods, a flower-garden; and within
“ the building, whose decorations, though rich, are
“ pure and simple, we find a mass of rare and valuable
“ literature, whose pages here seem doubly precious,
“ where meditation finds scope to range unmolested.

“ In a word, so many are the delights afforded by
“ the scenery of this place, and its vicinity, to a mind
“ imbued with any taste, that the impression on mine

“ was

“ was increased, after an interval of ten years from the
“ first visit, employed chiefly in travelling among the
“ Alps, the Appenines, the Sabine Hills, and the Ty-
“ rollese; along the shores of the Adriatic, over the
“ Glaciers of Switzerland, and up the Rhine; where,
“ though in search of beauty, I never, I feel, saw any
“ thing so fine—never so many pictures concentrated in
“ one spot; so that, warned by the renewal of my ac-
“ quaintance with them, I am irresistibly urged to at-
“ tempt a description of the hitherto almost virgin-
“ haunts of these obscure mountains.

“ Wales, and its borders, both North and South,
“ abound, at intervals, with fine things: Piercefield
“ has grounds of great magnificence, and wonderfully
“ picturesque beauty. Downton Castle has a delicious
“ woody vale, most tastefully managed; Llangollen is
“ brilliant; the banks of the Conway savagely grand;
“ Barmouth romantically rural; the great Pistill Rhay-
“ ader is horribly wild; Rhayader Wennol, gay, and
“ gloriously irregular—each of which merits a studied
“ description.

“ But, at Havod, and its neighbourhood, I find the
“ effects of all in one circle; united with this pecu-
“ liarity, that the deep dingles, and mighty woody
“ slopes, which from a different source, conduct the
“ Rhyd-

“ Rhyddol’s never-failing waters from Plynlimmon,
“ and the Fynach, are of a unique character, as
“ mountainous forests, accompanying gigantic size
“ with graceful forms; and, taken altogether, I see
“ the ‘ sweetest interchange of hill and valley, rivers,
“ woods, and plains, and falls, with forests crowned,
“ rocks, dens, and caves;’ infomuch, that it requires
“ little enthusiasm there to feel forcibly with Mil-
“ ton,”

“ All things that be, send up from earth’s great altar
“ Silent praise !”

“ There are four fine walks from the house, chiefly
“ through ways artificially made by the proprietor;
“ all dry, kept clean, and composed of materials found
“ on the spot; which is chiefly a coarse stone, of a
“ greyish cast, friable in many places, and, like slate,
“ but oftener consisting of immense masses, that cost
“ the miner in making some part of these walks,
“ excessive labour; for there are places, where it was
“ necessary to perforate the rock many yards, in order
“ to pass a promontory, that, jutting across the way,
“ denied further access; and to go round which, you
“ must have taken a great tour, and made a fatiguing
“ descent. As it is, the walks are so conducted, that
“ few are steep; the transitions easy, the returns com-
“ modious,

“modious, and the branches distinct. Neither are they too many, for much is left for future projectors; and if a man be stout enough to range the under-woods, and fastidious enough to reject all trodden paths, he may, almost every where, stroll from the studied line, till he be glad to regain the friendly conduct of the well-known way.

“Yet one must be nice, not to be content at first to visit the best points of view by the general routine; for all that is here done, has been to remove obstructions, reduce the materials, and conceal the art; and we are no where presented with attempts to force the untamed streams, or indeed to invent any thing where nature, the great mistress, has left all art behind.”

We now for many miles passed a barren, dreary country, completely encircled with hills, and we only climbed one, to observe still others rising in the distant perspective: not even a house or tree appeared to interrupt the awfulness of the mountains, which, after the copious fall of rain in the night, teemed with innumerable cataracts. According to our directions, we enquired at the foot of Plinlimmon for Rhees Morgan, as a proper man to be our Conductor over the heights of the “fruitful father of rivers.” This man being absent,
the

the whole family appeared thunderstruck at our appearance, and ran with all haste imaginable into their miserable cot, or which might rather be dignified with the appellation of a pig-stye ; as that *filthy animal* seemed to claim with the wretched family, an equal right to a share of the hovel. One apartment served for the inhabitants of every description, with only one small hole to admit the light ; the entrance unprotected by a door, but with a blanket as a substitute, was exposed to the pitiless blast of the winter's storm. Reviewing this despicable hovel I recalled to my mind a very just observation of Goldsmith's, " that one half of the world " are ignorant how the other half lives."

" Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud
 " Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 " They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 " And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
 " Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,

—————" how many drink the cup
 " Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 " Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 " How many shrink into the sordid hut
 " Of cheerless poverty."

THOMSON.

With some difficulty we prevailed on the female part
 of

of the family to give us proper directions to the source of the meandering Wye,* and rapid Severn. The latter they only understood by the name of *Halfren*, its original British name; it is likewise called in Latin *Sabrina*. From the top of Plinlimmon we for the first time discovered the shaggy summit of Cader Idris, and the spiral head of Snowdon. There is nothing particularly engaging in the character of this mountain, except in its giving rise to no less than six or eight rivers, and on this account has frequently been celebrated by the Poet. Though its summit commands a circle of many miles diameter, yet the prospect by no means answered our expectations. We descended into a swampy bottom, which afforded us unpleasant walking for two or three miles, when a most delightful and well-cultivated valley unexpectedly enlivened our spirits. The sun was making

—————“ a golden set,
“ And by the bright track of his fiery car
“ Gave signal of a goodly day to-morrow,”

just as we entered this interesting vale : the hay-makers, in the coolness of the evening, were returning to their homes,

“ Each by the lass he loved.”

* Called in Latin *Vaga*.

In short, the whole valley breathed delicious fragrance : add to this, innumerable cataracts rushed from the mountain's summits, occasioned by the late copious rains.

From hence a good turnpike-road soon conducted us to the romantic town of

MACHYNLLETH,

considered as the centre of the woollen manufactory in this part of the country, principally of the *strong cloth*, or *high country cloth*.* The situation of Machynlleth, (or as it is pronounced by the Welch, *Mahunthleth*) is extremely romantic ; stupendous mountains forming a natural rampart round the town. We here visited the neglected mansion where Owen Glendwr assembled the states of the Principality, in 1402, and accepted from their hands the crown of Wales. Part of the house is now allotted for the purpose of a stable ; the remainder is turned into a butcher's shop :—

“ *Sic transit gloria mundi.* ”

In fine, the only evident remains of its ever having

* See an excellent account of the woollen manufactory in the seventh chapter of *Aikin's Tour through North Wales*.

been celebrated in the annals of history, is a spacious door-way. The town itself, in many parts, bears the appearance of antiquity; the streets are considerably wider than Welch towns in general, and the market-place is well built.

As we entered Machynlleth, being the first town in North Wales, we were in a manner instinctively induced to reflect on the various incidents that had befallen us from our first sallying forth on our pedestrian excursion. We took a retrospect of all our little troubles with equally as much delight, as the sailor, who, by the blessing of Providence, has escaped the most imminent dangers: all our past imaginary dangers (for imaginary evils are frequently worse than real ones) were over balanced with reflections on the many hours of pleasure that were flown unheeded by: these reflections brought to my recollection some interesting lines in Bowles's *Sonnets*, which I involuntarily exclaimed aloud:

“ Fair scenes ye lend a pleasure long unknown
“ To him who passes weary on his way;
“ The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay
“ Shall thank you: and whene’er of pleasures flown,
“ His heart some long-lost image would renew,
“ Delightful haunts! he will remember you.”

The

The sublimity of the walk from hence to *Talylyn*, literally “beggars description.” Having crossed a bridge of eight arches, thrown over the river Dovey, high mountains closed us on every side, shook into every possible form of horror; huge masses of rock hung over the road, and it seemed necessary to remember their firm basis, to soften the terror they inspired; whilst other misshapen fragments lie scattered at the side of the road. The transparent Dyfflas, whose clear surface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours, forms one continued cataract for five or six miles, overflowing with the innumerable tributary torrents, which hurry themselves down from the highest summit of the surrounding rocks; whilst to give effect to the whole prospect, the shaggy head of Cader Idris towers the majestic sentinel of the scene, whose “cloud cap’d” summit the eye aches in surveying. To our great disappointment, the weather prevented our ascending this celebrated mountain giant. Cader Idris is esteemed, in height, the second mountain in all Wales, rising two thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above the green of Dolgelly.*

If the weather proves favourable to ascend Cader

* See Pennant’s *Snorudonia*, p. 89, and likewise Wilson’s excellent *View of Cader Idris*,

Idris, travellers may be very comfortably accommodated with beds at

TALYLYN;

a small village, situated, at the foot of the mountain; and where they will likewise meet with a conductor, in every respect suited for this Alpine excursion. Mr. Jones, the landlord of the Blue Lion, used all his influence to persuade us, by largely expatiating on the comforts of his accommodations, to detain us till the weather wore a more favourable aspect, but knowing the uncertainty of his conjectures, we determined to make Barmouth our head quarters. Quitting therefore our officiously polite landlord, we soon arrived at the Pool of Three Grains, which, though of inferior size, yet is generally credited to be unfathomable; it abounds in fish, and derives its name from three immense stones, or rather fragments of rock near it, which the common people confidently assert, and believe, the giant Idris took out of his shoes as he passed this pool.

Having ascended several hills, a quick descent of three or four miles, soon brought us to

DOLGELLY;

furrounded with “a tempestuous sea of mountains,” and watered by the rapid current of the river Avon-vawr, over which is thrown a large and handsome stone bridge, at the entrance of the town.

In the neighbourhood of this romantic spot, and indeed in many parts of Merionethshire, the manufacture of strong cloth has long been carried on.*

We were reluctantly necessitated to leave this interesting town of Dolgelly, much sooner than we wished, had we obeyed our own inclinations. No one can picture to themselves a more delightful situation than that of Dolgelly:—an enclosed vale, encircled with the craggy and subject mountains of Cader Idris, forming an amphitheatre,—watered by the Alpine tor-

* Mr. Pennant in his *Snowdonia*, p. 397, published in 1781, “mentions, that there are brought annually to Salop seven hundred thousand yards of web; and to Welch Pool, annually, between seven and eight hundred thousand yards of flannel; but he does not state the particulars whence he reduces his general estimate.” I have quoted this passage from Aikin’s excellent chapter (vii.) on the *Woollen Manufacture of North Wales*, not having in my possession Mr. P.’s *Snowdonia*.

rent of the Maw,—and richly clothed with wood. But necessity has no law; the best inn was pre-occupied, and no comfortable accommodations could be found; and, though drenched with rain, we were compelled to quicken our pace to the well-known bathing place of

BARMOUTH.

It is adviseable for all travellers, pedestrians not excepted, to leave Dolgelly at high water, as without that, the scenery loses much of its beauty; if convenient, it is certainly preferable to hire a boat, at the Stoves; the charge is three shillings and sixpence; by this you will save a walk of eight miles, and both from your situation, and from being more at your ease, will better admit of your observing the surrounding scenery, with which you cannot fail to be highly gratified.

This short excursion of eight miles, is truly grand, awful, and sublime; and though many parts of this striking valley are richly cultivated, yet, by the side of the road, enormous mountains, formed into the most capricious shapes, shoot into the clouds, sometimes projecting so far over the road, as seemingly designing to impede our farther progress: the wide expanse of the ocean, in front, with the arm of the sea running up the
country

country in the centre of the valley; in fine, the *tout ensemble* claimed our highest admiration.

Barmouth though considered as a bathing-place, is very inferior to Tenby, yet its situation for grandeur of rocks, has been frequently compared, by many tourists, to Gibraltar; and by others, esteemed not unlike St. Kitts, in the West Indies. The vast sand banks, formed by the tides immediately in front of the town, are the only barriers which protect it from the inundations of the sea. The shore is extremely level, and affords, for many miles, excellent riding. In respect to the bathing, little can be said to recommend it; the machines are not drawn into the water, and by this palpable inconvenience, you are under the disagreeable necessity of walking a considerable way in, before the water is sufficiently deep for "plunging headlong in the briny flood." During our stay here, two gentlemen perceiving that the water was very much alloyed by a fresh water stream disembogueing itself into the sea, at Barmouth, persuaded Mrs. Lewis, the obliging landlady of the Cors-y-gedol Arms, to remove the machines farther from the town; and from them we were informed, that though the salt water was purer, yet they found it impossible to draw them sufficiently deep for good bathing: the machines being stationary on the sands, the ladies likewise find it re-

markably inconvenient, being equally compelled to walk in. The folly of this method seems to be more striking, as the objection might be so easily obviated. The lower class here, as in many other parts of Wales, indiscriminately drefs and undrefs on the sands, and pay very little distinction to their sex.

The board and lodging is regulated on the same excellent plan here as at Tenby, with very little difference in respect to the expence. The town itself is very dirty, and so irregularly built, on the declivity of a rock, that the windows of one house not uncommonly look down on the neighbouring chimney. We could not avoid observing the number of pigs, which are esteemed in this part of the country far superior to any in England, lying in every corner of the street; and these pigs, I rather imagine, consider themselves, during the night, inmates of the peasant's cottage: yet these hardships, if they may be distinguished by that name, the inhabitants of the hovel suffer without complaint, and deem themselves perfectly happy as long as they possess a pile of turf to keep off the inclemency of the winter's blast, a small strip of ground, well stocked with potatoes, some poultry, and a fat pig; one hovel, however, protects them all. Though to appearance, their situation is most miserable, yet it has no effect on their tempers and dispositions; their hospitality, and
indeed

indeed kindness, towards strangers in distress, is an interesting trait in their character: to instance this, I am induced to mention an anecdote, which took place at Hubberstone, not long ago. A lady anxiously waiting the arrival of her husband, from Ireland, at the miserable village of Hubberstone, soon interested even the meaner inhabitants of the place in her behalf; who, willing to render her situation as comfortable as possible, seemed to vie with each other in producing the most delicious fruits, and the choicest garlands of flowers, to present them to the unhappy consort; and, not content alone with this, she was generally greeted in the streets, with the phrase, "There goes poor Mrs. L——." The lady, at last, impatient for the arrival of her husband, determined to sail for Ireland. The faithfulness of the little group that accompanied her to the shore, can better be imagined than described; the last farewell, with tears of artless innocence, and the beseeching that Providence "who governs the waves, and stills the raging of the sea," to grant her a prosperous voyage; all this seemed to come so thoroughly from the bottom of their hearts, that we cannot avoid feeling ourselves interested in their behalf.

The road from hence to

HARLECH,

is stony and uninteresting; to the left an unbounded view of the wide ocean, and in front, the steep mountains of North Wales, rose in endless perspective. About four miles from Barmouth, we passed the two lodges at Tal-y-bont, leading to Cors-y-gedol, the seat of Sir Thomas Mostyn. It is practicable to go by the sands, but we were given to understand, by Mrs. Lewis, that the turnpike was, if any thing, shorter, the scenery more pleasing, and the guides necessary for crossing those dangerous sands, in general, most complete villains.

Harlech, though formed by Edward I. into a borough, can now be esteemed little more than a dirty village: the present castle, one of the most entire in Wales, is founded on a very high rock, projecting in the Irish Sea, and defended by a deep foss on the east side; below it is a marsh of considerable extent, occasionally overflowed by the sea; from the top of the walls to this marsh the height is very considerable, and from thence the bay of Cardigan is seen to great advantage; in addition to this, the shagged summits of
Cader

Cader Buchan and Snowdon, in Caernarvonshire, being enveloped in clouds, appear scarcely visible.

At the public-house, we accidentally met with a well-informed man, who minutely delineated every part of the castle; and, beginning with the founder, in the true characteristic style of a Welchman, ran through his pedigree several generations: this, however, did not interest us, cursory pedestrians; and with little persuasion we soon induced him to write down, in as concise a manner as possible, any information he was acquainted with respecting the castle: “The founder
“of Harlech Castle, A. D. 552, was Maclegwynn;
“Gwynead made Caer Dugoll (Shrewsbury;) Caer
“Gyffin (Aber Conway;) Caer Gollwyn (Harleck;)”
“supposed to be buried in Cirester, and reigned thirty-
“four years.” Whether this information is correct, I will not take upon me to assert; but meeting with a Welchman, in this part of the country, capable of writing, rather surprised us, and induced me to transcribe this short paragraph.

The double gate-way, with four strong towers, is still very perfect; and the whole in sufficient repair to form a conjecture of its ancient extent and grandeur. It was originally supposed to have been a Roman town, a conjecture founded on the great number of coins, and
other

other pieces of antiquity, which have been found here, and in the neighbourhood.

In 1408 it was taken by the Earl of Pembroke; and afforded likewise shelter to Margaret of Anjou, after the battle of Northampton, 1460, and was the last in North-Wales, which held out for the king, being surrendered to general Mytton, 1647.

In a garden near this castle was dug up, in the year 1692, an ancient golden torques, of a round form, an inch in circumference, and weighing eight ounces. This curious relick of British antiquity, exhibited in a drawing by Mr. Pennant, still continues in the possession of the Mostyn family. As we had not an opportunity of examining the original, this account can only be gathered from the information of former authors, who represent it, as “ a wreathed bar, or rather three or four rods twisted together, about four feet long, flexible, but bending naturally only one way, in form of a hat-band : it originally had holes at each end, not twisted or sharp, but plain, and cut even.”

In 1694, the prodigious phenomenon of fire, or kindled exhalation, which disturbed the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, is both singular and extraordinary :
sixteen

sixteen ricks of hay, and two barns, were burnt by a kindled exhalation, or blue weak flame, proceeding from the sea: this lasted about a fortnight or three weeks, poisoning the grafs, and firing it for the space of a mile. It is extraordinary, that it had no effect on the men, who interposed their endeavours to save the ricks from destruction, even by running into it. For a more accurate account of this singular phenomenon, I refer my readers to the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 208, and likewise to the Addenda, in Camden: suffice it to say, that the air and grafs was so infected, that it occasioned a great mortality of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats. The various conjectures that have been formed, to account for this kindled exhalation, seem to be very unsatisfactory; something similar to this, both in the appearance and in the effect, happened in France in the year 1734.

As, from the unfavourableness of the weather, we had not contemplated the rich scenery between Barmouth and Dolgelly, with that nice investigation which it deserved, we determined, by again returning to our obliging landlady at the Cors-y-gedol Arms, to seize the opportunity of again admiring its beauties; and, by taking a more circuitous route to the Vale of Festiniog, pay that attention to the Falls of Doll-y-mullin,

mullin, Moddach, and Caen, which they so deservedly require.

This second faunter we found by no means tedious : the scene seemed perpetually changing at every unexpected curvature of the road ; and the rude features of the mountains appeared to assume new forms, as the winding presented them to the eye in different attitudes, whilst the shifting vapours, which partially concealed their minuter grandeur, assisted the illusions of the sight. Amidst new woods, rising in the majesty of foliage, the scattered cottage, with its bluish smoke curling high in the air, was frequently rendered interesting by its neat simplicity : and served to constitute the romantic beauties of this picturesque faunter.

This pleasing scenery varied little till we arrived within two miles of Dolgelly, when several gentlemens' seats burst upon our sight ; and leaving that enchanting spot to the left, at the Laneltyd turnpike, a different object presented itself to our view. For four miles we walked by the side of a hill, the most translucent stream attending us the whole way ; for though the road was situated so much above it, yet the sandy bottom, with the finny tribe, in considerable numbers, sporting in this transparent element, were easily descried. On each side, the mountains rose to a considerable height, with
the

the craggy summit of Cader Idris claiming the pre-eminence. We soon arrived at the small ale-house (Traveller's Rest) where we met the labourer of Mr. Madox, whom we were recommended to enquire for, as a proper ciceroni to the water-falls in his vicinity. Having finished our scanty but wholesome repast, we repaired with an old woman, (the labourer being confined to the house by indisposition) to the fall of Doll-y-mullin. There appeared to be something singular in the appearance of this "mountain elf;" destitute of shoes and stockings, in the true Cambrian stile, she tripped it, occasionally singing, and sometimes discontented with the world, herself, and every thing, uttering a most dismal groan. This excited our curiosity; but to learn much of her situation we soon found impracticable; her knowledge of the English language was very trivial; and as she seemed not much inclined to give us any information respecting the adjacent country, we found it useless to make enquiries concerning her condition in life.

Our surly Conductress first led us through Mr. Madox's grounds; to the left of the Tan-y-bwlch road, by a most delightful walk cut through the wood, we now soon reached the falls of Doll-y-mullin, the roaring of which had a long time announced its vicinity. This cataract, though considered only as a prelude to the
grand

grand falls of the Cayne and Moddach, is still worthy the attention of the passing traveller; for though the river precipitates itself not more than fifty feet, yet the projection and situation of the rocks, and the thick oak, carelessly throwing its broad brown arms across the troubled waters, is singularly pleasing. We had hitherto only contemplated this scene from the foot of the fall; but how noble the effect, when we began to wind up the steep ascent, and paused at every basin, which the water had formed in the excavated rock.

By a retrograde saunter we soon gained the Tan-y-bwlch road, and passing over the romantic bridge of Pont ar Garfa, beautifully entwined with the rich drapery of ivy, we ascended a steep path over the flaty mountain of Tylyn Gwladys, two miles in extent.—Sublimity, indeed, gave place to elegance; behind us, the huge steeps of Cader Idris, lifting high above the rolling clouds its shaggy head, of which at intervals, we caught a glance through the thick mist which enveloped it; in front Snowdon, conscious of pre-eminence, rose in the distant perspective; these were the boundaries of our view. On the opposite side a barren mountain, dignified by the name of Prince of Wales, appeared scarcely accessible, but to the steps of the enthusiast; this formerly afforded a vast quantity of ore, but it has lately so much failed, as not to produce even a sufficiency

ciency to remunerate the miners. While traversing these barren mountains, it is not less singular than interesting, occasionally to meet the most delicious vallies, watered by some foaming river; these literally furcharged

“ With weighted rains, and melted Alpine snows.”

Such is the true characteristic of the Welch scenery: the finest verdure, and the most enchanting vallies are discovered in the bosom of sterility, where natural cascades, precipitating themselves from their rude pinnacles, alone disturb the silence which reigns in that asylum, only to render it more enchanting to the inquisitive pedestrians, for these landscapes are only accessible to their steps: the distant swell of the cataract had now long proclaimed our proximity to the object in pursuit. The falls of the Cayne and the Moddach are at no great distance from one another, being only separated by a thick wood. Crossing a small bridge, above fifty feet from the water, formed only by the trunk of an oak, which has accidentally fallen across the rapid torrent; our Conductress very judiciously selected the latter as the first object for our admiration. The computed measurement of this fall is estimated between seventy and eighty feet, dividing itself into three distinct parts, each finely broken by the projected rocks: the quantity of water is very inconsiderable; but the whole is admirably

rably presented to the eye in one view. The first fall, about twenty feet, precipitates itself into a deep pool, thirty feet diameter ; from thence over a second ledge, thirty feet high ; and, lastly, it discharges itself into a pool of considerable dimensions. The declivities of the rocks are luxuriantly clothed with wood ; the oak more particularly spreading its gigantic arms across the foaming torrent : a variety of trees, indeed, profusely embellish the whole of this glen, which are finely contrasted with the dark brown rocks ; constituting so finished a picture, and representing such a variety of colours, that their beauties the imagination can better conceive, than the pen describe.

We now returned to the fall of the Cayne, infinitely superior to any in Wales, being two hundred feet perpendicular, uninterrupted by rocks, and not intercepted by the thick wood which encircles it. For a considerable time we both of us gazed with that wrapt admiration, which loathes to be disturbed by the mutual exchange of our ideas ; and stunned with the continual uproar, and never-ceasing tumultuous motion of the sparkling foam, we silently admired the grandeur of the landscape. On each side the horrific crags seemed to bid defiance to the goat's activity. The Cayne, after this stunning cataract, throws its troubled waters
over

over a rocky bed, till it unites itself with the Moddach below.

With reluctance we left this romantic situation; and, according to the directions of our Conductress, soon found ourselves in the turnpike-road to Tan-y-bwlch, understanding that Mr. Warner's route to Penstreet afforded indifferent walking. Stupendous mountains attended us some way; and, to borrow a description from a celebrated author, they "looked like the rude materials of creation, forming the barrier of unwrought space." The sun was now making a "golden set;" the mountains were thrown together in noble masses, appearing to scale the heavens, to intercept its rays, and emulous to receive the parting tinge of lingering day. We were watching with admiration the mild splendor of its light, fading from the distant landscape, when we perceived the rich vale of Festiniog suddenly open itself to our view: we observed the busy group of haymakers, who had completed their day's labour, returning to their homes:

"While heard from dale to dale,
"Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
"Of happy labour, love, and social glee."

Pleased with this rustic scene, we caught the cheerful song, which was wafted on the gentle breeze. With

pleasure we anticipated a saunter through this vale, early the ensuing morning; for one tint of sober grey had now covered its various coloured features, and the sun had now gleamed its last light upon the rivulet which winds through the bottom.

TAN-Y-BWLCH.

The "rich-hair'd youth of morn" had not long left its saffron bed, and the very air was balmy as it freshened into morn, when we hurried from our inn to enjoy the luxuries of the vale of Festiniog, so well celebrated by the pen of Lord Littleton: "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, (says his lordship) and a good study of books, one may pass an age there, and think it a day. If one has a mind to live long, and renew his youth, let him come and settle at Festiniog." These are the sentiments of Lord Littleton, in which seemed to be verified the situation of Mr. Oakley, who has selected this spot for his residence. Tan-y-bwlch Hall, (for by that name is Mr. Oakley's seat dignified) is environed by a thick wood, which climbs the steep mountains behind his mansion. We followed the meandering and translucent waters of the river Dryryd, till we arrived at the village of Maentwrog, situated
about

about the middle of this Paradise. Passing through the village, we observed a small but neat cottage, which was rendered interesting to the way-farer by its neat simplicity. Perceiving a stand of fruit at the door, we were enticed to enter the cottage, where we found the interior of the house as comfortable, as the situation was interesting. A large old-fashioned chimney corner, with benches to receive a social party, formed a most enviable retreat from the rude storms of winter, and defied alike the weather and the world:—with what pleasure did I picture,

“ A smiling circle, emulous to please,”

gathering round a blazing pile of wood on the hearth, free from all the vicissitudes and cares of the world, happy in their own home, blessed in the sweet affections of kindred amity, regardless of the winter blast that struggled against the window, and the snow that pelted against the roof. On our entering, the wife who possessed “ the home of happiness, an honest “ breast,” invited us “ to take a seat” under the window, which, overlooking the village, and the dark tower of the church, offered the delights of other seasons. The sweets of a little garden, joined its fragrance to the honeysuckle, which enwreathed with rich drapery the windows; and here too lay the old family *Bible*, which had been put aside on our first

entrance: we regretted not having an opportunity of seeing the husband, whom, I make no doubt

“ Envied not, and never thought of kings,
“ Nor from those appetites sustain’d annoy,
“ That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;
“ Each season look’d delightful as it past,
“ To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.”

Our intended route for this day being very short, we did not leave Tan-y-bwlch till after breakfast, and even then lingered through the valley, to take one last adieu of this paradisiacal spot; the Dryryd serpentizing through the meadows, and the lively green of the swelling declivities on each side, beautifully contrasted with the ripening corn. From the vast quantity of ore we discovered, I am inclined to believe, that any spirited speculator would find it amply repay him for the expences and labour attending his speculations. The vale of Festiniog, not exceeding three miles long, and one in breadth, is a very rich tract of land.

An extremely rough, rocky, and unpleasant road, with nothing to engage our attention; and the country uncultivated, and divested of every thing that gives even the shadow of civilization, brought us to the far-famed Pont Aber-glaslyn, or, *The Bridge of the Harbour of the Blue Lake*; and not uncommonly stiled, the *Devil's*

vil's Bridge. This last appellation has very frequently misled strangers, who, confounding it with the well-known bridge at Havod, have been much disappointed, their expectations being raised very high, from the general descriptions of that place. Of this, indeed, we found an instance on the very spot. This bridge connects the two counties of Merionethshire and Caernarvonshire; being, from the parapet to the water, forty feet. From the description of former tourists, it did not answer our expectations; but the salmon-leap is an interesting object from the bridge: the height is about fifteen feet; and though we observed very many attempt this surprising feat of agility, not one succeeded. Some fishermen below soon excited our curiosity, and salmon was here offered for sale at three-pence per pound.

An intelligent man here offered himself as our guide to the rich copper-mines, in the vicinity of Pont Aber-Glaslyn. This miner, having worked both here and at the Paris mountain, confidently asserted, that one pound of this ore was now esteemed equivalent to twice the quantity, produced in Anglesea. Stupendous cliffs, by the road side, literally rise eight hundred and sixty feet perpendicularly, and hang in the most capricious forms over the torrent, which, straggling amongst the recesses of stone, is hastening forward to disembogue itself into the estuary of Traeth Mawr.

The pass is not more than seventy feet ; after much rain it is entirely inundated by the overflowings of the Glaslyn, which reflected, as in a mirror, the blackness of the impending cliffs. On the Caernarvonshire side are several lead mines ; but they have not proved sufficiently rich, to reward the labour of working.

The situation of our inn at

BEDDGELERT,

is very romantic, and would form an interesting drawing, by taking in a small bridge of two arches below the house. It is completely encircled by lofty mountains, which may be considered as subject to the “cloud-capt Snowdon.”

How often has the idea of this stupendous mountain filled my heart with enthusiastic rapture ! Every time I cast my eyes on that solemn, that majestic vision, it is not without the most powerful emotion ; it excites that tender melancholy, which exalts rather than depresses the mind ! How delightful to bid adieu to all the cares and occupations of the world, for the reflection of those scenes of sublimity and grandeur, which forms such contrast to the transiency of sublunary greatness !

With

With what anxiety have we watched the setting sun, loitering just below the horizon, and illuminating the highest summit of Snowdon with a golden tinge, and we still watch the passing clouds of night, fearing lest the morning should prove unfavourable for our Alpine excursion.

SNOWDON.

We engaged the miner, as our Conductor over the mountain, who entertained us much with displaying, in strong colours, the tricks and impositions of his brother guides, and more particularly of the methodistical landlord of our inn, who is generally employed on these occasions. His pride too is not a little elevated, by having conducted *The Great Doctor* to its highest summit; this seemingly ridiculous phrase for some time puzzled us; but we have since found out, that our guide was talking of no less a man, than the present respectable and learned dean of Christchurch, who ascended this mountain last year. Though our Guide* was pompous, and rather too partial to the marvellous, yet I strenuously recommend him to all tourists.

* Evan Thomas, works in the copper-works at Aber-Glaslin, and lives at a place called Dous Coreb, about a mile and an half beyond Beddgelert.

At half past twelve, we started from our inn, determined to see the sun rise from its highest summit. The night was now very dark, and we could just discover, that the top of Snowdon was entirely enveloped in a thick, impenetrable mist: this unpropitious omen staggered our resolutions; and we for some time hesitated respecting our farther progress; but our Guide assuring us, that his *comfortable* cottage was not far distant, we again plucked up resolution; and, quitting the high way about two miles on the Caernarvon road, we turned to the right, through a boggy unpleasant land, and in danger of losing our shoes every step we took. This soon brought us to the *comfortable cot*, the filth and dirtiness of which can better be imagined than described; a worm-eaten bed, two small stools, and a table fixed to the wall, composed the whole of his furniture,—two fighting cocks were perched on a beam, which Thomas seemed to pride himself in the possession of; the smoke of the fire ascended through a small hole in the roof of this *comfortable mansion*, the door of which did not appear proof against the “churlish chiding of the winter blast.”

Such, indeed, was the situation of this Cambrian mountaineer; and though, in our own opinion, misery, poverty, and dirt personified, seemed to be the real inhabitants of this cottage, yet there was something pre-
possessing

possessing in his character; for frequently, with the greatest vehemence imaginable, and in the true stile of an anchorite, he declared, that “ though he boasted “ not riches, yet he boasted of independence; and “ though he possessed not wealth, yet he possessed the “ home of happiness, an honest breast.”

The morning appearing to wear a more favourable aspect, we again sallied forth; the bogs, however, still rendered it extremely unpleasant. But this inconvenience was only temporary: we soon came to a part of the mountain, entirely composed of loose stones, and fragments of rock, which, by affording a very treacherous footing, you are liable to perpetual falls. The mountain now became much steeper, the path less rocky, and our mountaineer, the higher we proceeded, more induced to exhibit feats of his agility, by occasionally running down a short precipice, and then, by a loud shout or vociferation, shewing us the obedience of the sheep, who instantaneously flocked round him, at the sound of his voice: it is singular, the caution implanted in this animal, by instinct, for the mutual protection of each other; from the liberty they enjoy, they seldom congregate in one flock, but are generally discovered grazing in parties from six to a dozen, one of which is regularly appointed centinel, to watch the motions of their inveterate enemies (foxes and birds of prey), which
infest

infest this mountain. A wider expanse of the hemisphere disclosed itself, and every object below us gradually diminished, as we ascended. The freshness of the mountain *whetted* our appetites; and our Conductor, with very little persuasion, soon influenced us to open our little basket of provisions. The sun, the "rich-hair'd youth of morn," was just peeping from its bed; and having refreshed ourselves, with eager impatience we again climbed the rugged precipice, for we had still a considerable height to ascend. We now descended several steep declivities, by a narrow path, not more than three yards wide, with a dreadful perpendicular on each side, the sight of which almost turned us giddy. As we were passing this hazardous path, a thick mist enveloped us, and an impenetrable abyss appeared on both sides; the effect, indeed, can scarcely be conceived; our footing to us, puiſne mountaineers, seemed very insecure; and a total destruction would have been the consequence of one false step. The air grew intensely cold, and by our Guide's recommendation, we a second time produced our pistol of rum, diluted with milk; but this cordial must be used with caution, as a very small quantity of strong liquor effects the head, owing to the rarification of the air. On our reaching the summit, all our difficulties were forgotten, and our imaginary complaints overborne with exclamations of wonder, surprise, and admiration. The light
thin

thin misty cloud, which had for some time enveloped us, as if by enchantment, suddenly dispersed; the whole ocean appeared illuminated by a fiery substance, and all the subject hills below us, for they resembled *mole-hills*, were gradually tinged by the rich glow of the sun; whose orb, becoming at length distinctly visible, displayed the whole island of Anglesea so distinctly, that we descried, as in map, its flat and uncultivated plains, bounded by the rich and inexhaustible Paris Mountains, in the vicinity of Holyhead. The point on which we were standing, did not exceed a square of five yards, and we sickened almost at the sight of the steep precipices which environed us; round it is a small parapet, formed by the customary tribute of all strangers, who visit this summit, and to which we likewise contributed, by placing a large stone on its top: this parapet, indeed, sheltered us from the chilly cold, and protected us from the piercing wind, which this height must naturally be exposed to.

We remained in this situation for a considerable time, and endeavoured, without success, to enumerate the several lakes, forest, woods, and counties, which were exposed to us in one view; but, lost and confounded with the innumerable objects worthy of admiration, and regardless of the chilling cold, we took a distinct survey of the Isle of Man, together with a faint prospect of
the

the Highlands in Ireland, which appeared just visibly skirting the distant horizon; but another object soon engrossed all our attention:

“The wide, the unbounded prospects lay before us;

“But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it:”

For we unexpectedly observed long billows of vapour tossing about, half way down the mountain, totally excluding the country below, and occasionally dispersing, and partially revealing, its features, while above, the azure expanse of the heavens remained unobscured by the thinnest mist. This, however, was of no long continuance: a thick cloud presently wet us through; and the point on which we were standing could alone be distinguished. As there appeared little or no chance of the clouds dispersing, we soon commenced our descent.—Respecting this Alpine excursion, suffice it to say, that though our expectations were raised exceedingly high, it infinitely surpassed all conception, and baffled all description; for no colour of language can paint the grandeur of the rising sun, observed from this eminence, or describe the lakes, woods, and forests, which are extended before you; for description, though it enumerates their names, yet it cannot draw the elegance of outline, cannot give the effect of precipices, or delineate the minute features, which reward the actual observer, at every new choice
of

of his position, and by changing their colour and form in his gradual ascent, till at last every object dwindles into atoms: in short, this interesting excursion, which comprehends every thing that is awful, grand, and sublime, producing the most pleasing sensations, has left traces in the memory, which the imagination will ever hold dear.

Various have been the conjectures on the definition of this mountain; some authors affirm that the Welch name of Snowdon signifies the *Eagle's Rocks*, deducing it from the number of those birds that formerly haunted these rocks; but the most simple conjecture seems to be, that this name alludes to the frequency of the snow on the highest peaks. This mountainous tract was formerly celebrated for its fertility and woods; and Leland affirms, that all Crigereri was forest. It now yields no corn; and its produce consists in cattle and black sheep, with large flocks of goats. “ Its height
“ (says Pennant) has been variously reported. Mr. Cas-
“ well, who was employed by Mr. Adams, in a survey
“ of Wales in 1682, measured it by instruments, made
“ by the direction of Mr. Flamstead, and asserts it to
“ have been one thousand two hundred and forty. Mr.
“ Lluyd says, its perpendicular height is about one
“ thousand three hundred yards above the sea level; but
“ later experiments have ascertained it at one thousand
“ one

“one hundred and eighty-nine yards, reckoning from
“the quay at Caernarvon, to the highest peak.” The
ascent is computed three miles ; the extremity, or sum-
mit, three quarters of a mile perpendicular. By the
inhabitants of the country it is called Moel-y-Wydva,
i. e. *The Conspicuous Hill*; and sometimes Krag Ey reri;
and in the old English maps it is always spelt *Snawdon*.
The lakes in this tract amount to a considerable num-
ber, and abound with trout, eels, gwyniadd, and some
of them well-stored with char. The most noted peaks
of this mountain are distinguished by the names Moel-
y-Wydva, y-Glyder, Karmedh Dhavidh, and Kar-
medh Llewelyn.—These hills are, in a manner, heaped
on one another, near the summit; and we only climbed
one rock, to see three or four more; between each is a
cwm, or valley, generally with a lake. We made par-
ticular enquiries concerning y-Glyder-Bach, and found
that the description of it is by no means exaggerated.
Several columnar stones, of enormous size, formed into
the most fantastical shapes, and lying in several direc-
tions, with many of their tops crowned with stones,
placed horizontally on them. One we observed rocked
with the slightest touch. In the fissures of the rock,
cubic pyritæ, are not uncommonly found; the *saxifraga*
nivalis, and the species called by Linnæus *æthereal*, in
great abundance.

The first two miles of our descent, we by no means found difficult, but wishing to take a minute survey of the picturesque pass of Llanberris, we changed the route generally prescribed to strangers, and descended a rugged and almost perpendicular path, in opposition to the proposals of our Guide, who strenuously endeavoured to dissuade us from the attempt, alleging the difficulty of the steep, and relating a melancholy story of a gentleman, who many years back had broken his leg. This had no effect. We determined to proceed; and the vale of Llanberris amply rewarded us for the trouble. It is bounded by the steep precipices of Snowdon, and two large lakes, communicating by a river. It was formerly a large forest, but the woods are now entirely cut down. We here dismissed our Cambrian mountaineer, and easily found our way to Dolbadern (pronounced *Dolbathern*) Castle, situated between the two lakes, and now reduced to one circular tower, thirty feet in diameter, with the foundations of the exterior buildings completely in ruins; in this, Owen Gough, brother to Llewellyn, last prince, was confined in prison. From hence a rugged horse-path brought us to the Caernarvon turnpike-road, about six miles distant; the high towers of the castle, the very crown and paragon of the landscape, at last pointed out the situation of

CAERNARVON;

and having crossed a handsome modern stone-bridge, thrown over the river Rhyddol, and built by “ Harry “ Parry, the modern Inigo, *anno Domini* 1791,” we soon entered this ancient town, very much fatigued with our long excursion. The hotel, newly built by Lord Uxbridge, for the convenience of strangers, at the end of the town, commands a fine prospect of the Strait of Menai. The view was bounded by the flat isle of Anglesey; while the light vessels, skimming before the wind, gave the whole a lively and pleasing variety.

The city of Caernarvon, beautifully situated, and regularly built, is in the form of a square, enclosed on three sides, with thick stone walls; and on the south side, defended by the castle;—the old town-hall is now falling to ruin.

With respect to the castle, we by no means agree with Mr. Warner, that “ its high antiquity and ancient splendor is interrupted and destroyed by the “ patch-work of modern separation, and the littleness “ of a cottager’s domestic œconomy seen within its “ walls;” as it is only repaired, where necessity required it, to prop up its crumbling ruins; neither could

could we discover any cottage within its walls. The towers are extremely elegant ; but not being entwined with ivy, do not wear that picturesque appearance, which castles generally possess. Over the principal entrance, which leads into an oblong court, is seated, beneath a great tower, the statue of the founder, holding in his left hand a dagger : this gate-way was originally fortified with four portcullises. At the west end, the eagle tower, remarkably light and beautiful, in a polygon form ; three small hexagon turrets rising from the middle, with eagles placed on their battlements ; from thence it derives its name. In a little dark room* in this tower, measuring eleven feet by seven, was born Edward the second, April 25, 1204. The thickness of the wall is about ten feet. To the top of the tower we reckoned one hundred and fifty-eight steps, from whence an extensive view of the adjacent country is seen to great advantage. On the south are three octagonal towers with small turrets, with similar ones on the north. All these towers communicate with each other by a gallery, both on the ground, middle, and upper floor, formed within the immense thickness of the walls, in which are cut nar-

* Such is the received opinion ; but the place noted for this event, is only a thoroughfare to the grand apartments of the tower, the middle one of which appears more probably to have been the room.

row slips, at convenient distances, for the discharge of arrows.

This building, founded on a rock, is the work of Edward I. the conqueror of the principality; the form of it is a long irregular square, enclosing an area of about two acres and a half. From the information of the Sebright manuscript, Mr. Pennant says, that by the united efforts of the peasants, it was erected within the space of one year.

Having spent near three hours in surveying one of the noblest castles in Wales, we walked round the environs of the town: the terrace round the castle walls is exceedingly pleasing, being in front of the Menai, which is here upwards of a mile in breadth, forming a safe harbour for craft of five or six tons, and generally crowded with vessels, exhibiting a picture of national industry; whilst near it a commodious quay presents an ever-bustling scene, from whence a considerable quantity of slate, and likewise copper from the Llanberris mine, is shipped for different parts of the kingdom.

Caernarvon may certainly be considered as one of the handsomest and largest towns in North-Wales; and under the patronage of Lord Uxbridge promises to become still more populous and extensive: his lordship,

we

we were given to understand by our landlord, intends to erect sea-baths; and by this well-planned improvement, induce company to resort here during the summer months.

Several excursions may be made from Carnarvon, with great satisfaction to the Tourist; the principal of which is a visit to

PLAS-NEWYDD,

the elegant seat of Lord Uxbridge, situated in the isle of Anglesey, and distant about six miles from Caernarvon: if the wind and tide prove favorable, the picturesque scenery of the Menai, will be viewed to great advantage, by hiring a boat at the quay.* But if this most advisable plan should not be approved of, the walk to the Mol-y-don Ferry, about five miles on the Bangor road, will prove highly gratifying: the Menai, whose banks are studded with gentlemens' seats, appearing scarcely visible between the rich foliage of the oak, which luxuriates to the water's brink, is filled with vessels, whose shining sails, fluttering in the wind, attract and delight the observing eye; whilst the voice of the sailors, ex-

* The hire of a boat from seven shillings and six-pence to half-a-guinea.

changing some salute with the passing vessel, is gently wafted on the breeze.

Crossing the ferry, we soon reached the ancient residence of the Arch-Druid of Britain, and where was formerly stationed the most celebrated of the ancient British academies; from this circumstance, many places in this island still retain their original appellation, as *Myfyrin*, the Place of Studies; *Caer Edris*, the City of Astronomy; *Cerrig Boudyn*, the Astronomer's Circle. The shore to the right soon brought us to the plantations of Plâs-Newydd, consisting chiefly of the most venerable oaks, and noblest ash in this part of the country.

———“ Superior to the pow'r
 “ Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise;
 “ And from the stormy promontory tower,
 “ And tofs their giant arms amid the skies;
 “ While each assailing blast increasing strength supplies.”

Beattie's Minstrel.

Beneath their “ broad brown” branches, we discovered several *cromlechs*, the monuments of Druidical superstition; several stones of enormous size support two others placed horizontally over them.* For what purpose

* “ The eastern seems originally to have consisted of seven stones, six
 “ uprights

purpose these ancient relicks were originally erected, it was not for us puiſne antiquarians to diſcuſs, and with eager impatience we hurried to viſit the noble manſion, which has not yet received the finiſhing ſtroke of the architect; ſufficient however is accompliſhed to form a conjecture of its intended ſplendor and magnificence. The whole is built, ſtables included, in a Gothic caſtelled form, of a dark ſlate-coloured ſtone; on entering the veſtibule, we, for a ſhort time, imagined ourſelves in the chapel, a miſtake, though ſoon diſcovered, to which every viſitor is liable; the ceiling having Gothic arches, with a gallery ſuitable to it, and ſeveral niches cut in the ſide walls: we were next conducted through a long ſuite of apartments, the deſign of them all equally convenient and elegant. The landſcape from the Gothic windows is both beautiful and ſublime; a noble plantation of trees, the growth of ages—the winding ſtrait of the Menai, gay with veſſels paſſing and repaſſing; and beyond this tranquil ſcene, the long range of the Snowdon Mountains ſhooting into the clouds, the various hues of whoſe features appear as beautiful, as their magnitude is ſublime. The houſe is protected from the encroachment of the ſea, by a ſtrong parapet

“uprights ſupporting an immense ſuperincumbent one, (with its flat
“face lying upon them) thirteen feet long, nearly as much broad, and
“four feet thick,—*Warner's Second Walk.*

embattled wall ; in fine, this magnificent feat of Lord Uxbridge, seems to possess many conveniences peculiar to its situation : the warm and cold baths, constantly filled by the Menai, are sequestered and commodious, and every apartment of the house is abundantly supplied with water.*

Being unavoidably prevented visiting the celebrated Paris Mountain, the property of Lord Uxbridge and the Rev. Mr. Hughes, we again returned to the hotel, at Caernarvon, purporting to stay the following day, (Sunday) for the purpose of making a strict enquiry into the religious sect, settled here, and in many parts of Wales, called *Jumpers*.† The account we had received from our landlord, we imagined was exaggerated, and this more strongly induced us to

* In the time of the Romans, this island was called, by the Britons, *Mona*; but becoming subject to the English, in the time of Egbert, it was afterwards termed *Anglesey*, or the Englishman's Island. See Rowland's *Mon. Ant.* p. 172, 173.

† Before the Author of this Itinerary proposed publishing this Tour through the Cambrian territories, he was induced to send an account of this extraordinary sect to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (July, 1799, p. 579.) This is, therefore, only to be considered as a repetition; with the addition of a brief extract from the two subsequent letters, (September, 1799, p. 741, and November, p. 938,) given to the public by different hands, through the medium of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

visit the chapel, that we might be enabled, in future, to contradict this ridiculous report.

At six in the evening the congregation assembled, and on our entrance into the chapel, we observed on the north side, from a sort of stage or pulpit, erected on the occasion, a man, in appearance, a common day-labourer, holding forth to an ignorant and deluded multitude. Our entrance at first, seemed to excite a general dissatisfaction; and our near neighbours, as if conscious of their eccentricities, muttered bitter complaints against the admittance of strangers. The chapel, which was not divided into pews, and even destitute of seats, contained near an hundred people; half way round was erected a gallery. The preacher continued raving, and, indeed, foaming at the mouth, in a manner too shocking to relate:—he allowed himself no time to breathe, but seemingly intoxicated, uttered the most dismal howls and groans imaginable, which were answered by the congregation, so loud, as occasionally to drown even the voice of the preacher. At last, being nearly exhausted by continual vociferation, and fainting from exertion, he sunk down in the pulpit: the meeting, however, did not disperse: a psalm was immediately sung by a man, who, we imagined officiated as clerk, accompanied by the whole congregation. The psalm had not continued long,
before

before we observed part of the assembly, to our great surprise, *jumping* in small parties of three, four, and sometimes five in a set, lifting up their hands, beating their breasts, and making the most horrid gesticulations. Each individual separately jumped, regularly succeeding one another, while the rest generally assisted the jumper by the help of their hands. The women always appeared more vehement than the men, and infinitely surpassed them in numbers; seeming to endeavour to excel each other in jumping, screaming, and howling. We observed, indeed, that many of them lost their shoes, hats, and bonnets, with the utmost indifference, and never condescended to search after them; in this condition, it is not unusual to meet them jumping to their homes. Their meetings are twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays. Having accidentally met with a gentleman, at the hotel, a native of Siberia, we invited him to our party, and, induced by curiosity, he readily accompanied us to the chapel. On the commencement of the *jumping*, he intreated us to quit the congregation, exclaiming, “Good
“ God! I for a moment forgot I was in a Christian
“ country; the dance of the Siberians, in the worship
“ of the Lama, with their shouts and gesticulations, is
“ not more horrid!” This observation so forcibly struck me, that I could not avoid inserting it in my note-book.

With

With disgust we left the chapel, and were given to understand, by our landlord, they celebrate a particular day every year, when instances have been known of women dying by too great an exertion; and fainting is frequently the consequence of their excessive jumping.

This sect is by no means confined to the town of Caernarvon, but in many villages, and in several market towns, both in North and South Wales,* they have established regular chapels. “They have” (says a correspondent to the *Gentleman’s Magazine*,†) “periodical meetings in many of the larger towns, to which they come from thirty to forty miles round. At one, held in Denbigh, about last April, there were, I believe, upwards of four thousand people, from different parts. At another, held in Bala, soon afterwards, nearly double that number were supposed to be present.” The last number appears rather to be exaggerated, though the letter, being dated from Denbigh, should be considered as authoritative.

Another correspondent to the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, gives the following information respecting the sect: “That they are not a distinct sect, but *Methodists*,

* I have since understood, that they have a chapel at Caermarthen.

† September, 1799, p. 741.

“ of the same persuasion as the late Mr. Whitfield ;
“ for though there are several congregations of *Wes-*
“ *leyan Methodists*, in this country, there is no such
“ custom amongst them. But jumping during reli-
“ gious worship is no new thing amongst the other
“ party, having (by what I can learn) been practised
“ by them for many years past. I have seen some of
“ their pamphlets, in the Welch language, in which
“ this custom is justified by the example of David,
“ who danced before the ark ; and of the lame man,
“ restored by our blessed Saviour, at the gate of the
“ Temple, who leaped for joy.” - How far this gentle-
man’s account may be accurate, I leave for others to
decide ; it is certainly to be lamented, in a country
where the Christian Religion is preached in a stile of
the greatest purity and simplicity, that those poor igno-
rant deluded wretches should be led to a form of wor-
ship so dissonant to the Established Church of England,
and, indeed, by a poor ignorant fellow, devoid of edu-
cation, and devoid of common sense.

The same road we had so much admired the pre-
ceding Saturday, soon brought us to

BANGOR,

the supposed scite of the Bovium, or Bonium, a Roman
station,

station, and celebrated for the most ancient British monastery, which contained two thousand four hundred Monks : it has long retained its British name, *Bangor*, or *Banchor*, signifying “ a beautiful quire ;” an appellation it justly merits. The situation is deeply secluded, “ far from the bustle of a jarring world,” and must have accorded well with monastic melancholy ; for the Monks, emerging from their retired cells, might here indulge in that luxurious melancholy, which the prospect inspires, and which would sooth the asperities which the severe discipline of superstition inflicted on them. The situation of Banchor appears more like a scene of airy enchantment, than reality, and the residences of the canons are endeared to the votaries of landscape by the prospect they command. On the opposite shore, the town of Beaumaris is seen straggling up the steep declivity, with its quay crowded with vessels, and all appeared bustle and confusion ; the contrast which the nearer prospect inspired, was too evident to escape our notice, where the

“ Oak, whose boughs were moss’d with age,

“ And high top bald with dry antiquity,”

afforded a seat for the contemplation of the wide expanse of the ocean, which is seen beyond the little island of Puffin, or Priestholm ; so called, from the quantity

quantity of birds of that species, which resort here in the summer months.

The cathedral has been built at different times, but no part very ancient; it was made an episcopal see, about the time of the conquest: the church was burnt down by Owen Glendwr, in the reign of Henry IV.; the choir was afterwards built by Bishop Henry Dene,* between 1496 and 1500; the tower and nave by Bishop Skevington, 1532. The whole is Gothic architecture, with no other particular ornament to distinguish it from a common English parish church. There are, however, several bishops† buried in the choir. I could dwell with pleasure on the picturesque beauties of this little episcopal see; but a repetition of the same epithets *grand, beautiful, sublime, fine*, with a long catalogue, which must necessarily occur, would appear tautologous on paper, though their archetypes

* Or Deane.

† As from neglect we did not transcribe the names of the bishops, it may not be deemed improper to insert the following passage from a well-known Author: "Here are monuments for Bishops Glynn, 1550; Robinson, 1584; Vaughan, 1597; Rowlands, 1616; Morgan, 1673; and one with a cross fleuri in the south transept, ascribed to Owen Glendwr; but as he was buried at Monington, in Herefordshire, where he died, I should rather ascribe it to some of the earlier bishops; Mr. Pennant gives it to Owen Gwynned."

in nature would assume new colours at every change of position of the beholder. From this retirement, a ferry-boat soon conveyed us to

BEAUMARIS,

the largest and best built town in Anglesey, where the same busy scene occurred. Having taken a short survey of Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Bulkley, commanding a fine prospect of the ocean, with the huge promontory of Pen-mawn-maur, we were soon convinced, that there was nothing to require a longer stay; and returning to Bangor, we pursued the road to Conway. About two miles on our left, we passed the park and castle of Penrhyn, the seat of Lord Penrhyn: this has lately been considerably enlarged and repaired, under the judicious direction of Mr. Wyat. The entrance is remarkably elegant, resembling a triumphal arch. This mansion enjoys a boundless prospect of the ocean on one side, appearing but feebly restrained by a long tract of scarcely visible coast on the other; in front, the flat island of Anglesey, the lofty Pen-mawn-mawr, and the prominent point of Caernarvonshire: whilst the neat church of Landegai forms a nearer object of admiration. We soon reached the dark lowering promontory of Pen-mawn-mawr, about
eight

eight miles from Bangor, rising perpendicularly, in a massy wall, to the height of one thousand four hundred feet : huge fragments of shattered rock are scattered by the side of the road, and a wall, scarcely five feet high, alone protects a carriage from the steep precipice ; which, from the slightness of the foundation, has even fallen down in many parts. In this awfully sublime situation we remained for some time, astonished at the bold protuberance of the rocks, which seemed to project their dark sides, to augment the idle roar of the waves.

Pursuing a good turnpike-road, we soon came in sight of the hoary towers of

CONWAY CASTLE.

An air of proud sublimity, united with singular wildness, characterizes the place. The evening was far advanced ; and part of its ruins were shining with the purple glow of the setting sun, whose remaining features stood in darkened majesty, when we entered this monument of desolation. Passing over a plank, originally the scite of the draw-bridge, we came into the outward court, strongly defended with battlements ; from thence we examined the grand entrance of the castle, with several abutments projecting forward, similar

lar in stile to Caernarvon. On the south side of the court is the grand hall, measuring an hundred and thirty feet by thirty-two, with eight light Gothic arches, five of which are still in good condition. On one end is the chapel with a large window, a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. It is founded on the solid rock, by Edward I. in the year 1284: the walls are from eleven to fifteen feet thick: all the towers are defended by smaller round ones, projecting two or three feet over, with a regular communication round the whole castle by galleries, on the same plan as at Caernarvon. The steps are decayed and broken, and the looseness of the stones rendered a footing very insecure; but, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, we ascended the most perfect tower, and an extensive prospect presented itself to our view. The foundation of one of the principal towers, looking towards a small river, which here joins the Conway, has lately given way, and torn down with it part of the building; the remainder now hangs in an extraordinary manner. The whole town is inclosed within strong walls, and defended by a number of towers, which communicate with the castle by a gallery; there are likewise several gate-ways, at certain distances.

The ancient church next attracted our attention; but did not detain us long, as the monuments for

K

the

the Wynnes are the only things worthy of inspection. From thence we surveyed the remains of the college, which in the reign of Edward I. was intended for the instruction of youth: it is now in complete ruins: the workmanship curious, with several sculptured arms. In this town is an ancient house, built in the form of a quadrangle, by the Wynnes, in the time of Elizabeth, now inhabited by poor families. This house is adorned, after the fantastical fashion of the times, in which it was erected; the roof is singularly carved, and the front decorated with the arms of England, with several curious crests, birds, and beasts; it bears the date of 1585. The arms of Elizabeth are carved over the door, fronting the street.

The trade of Conway consists in the exportation of slate, and copper from the Llandidno mines, from whence the finest specimens of Malachite copper is brought. The town and castle of Conway are seen to great advantage in crossing the river, which is here nearly a mile over, and at high water washes the walls of that massy ruin: in the middle of the channel is a small rocky island. We observed, from this situation, the two castles, called Bodscallan and Dyganwy; the small remains of the latter stand on a high rock above the river; the former is a beautiful seat of the Mol-tyns.

We were soon transported into Denbighshire; an extensive prospect of the ocean presented itself before us, and we discovered the mountains of the Isle of Man, which could scarcely be distinguished from the clouds of Heaven, and the waves of the sea. In descending a hill, about two miles from the neat bathing-town of

ABERGELE,

we observed, on our right, two immense caverns, about half way up the mountain; they are called Cavern-ar-ogo, and run four or five hundred yards into the ground; but their real extent has never yet been ascertained with accuracy. From these mountains, vast quantities of lime are shipped for Liverpool, and many parts of England; they are said to be inexhaustible.

Abergele, situated on the edge of Rhuddlan Marsh, is a small neat town, of one street, resorted to in the summer-season for bathing. The sands afford excellent walking; in the evening we lingered on the beach for a considerable time, enjoying the calm, but cheerful beauty of Nature, and inhaling the pure sea-breeze—for

———“ The wind was hush’d,
“ And to the beach each slowly-listed wave,
“ Creeping with silver curl, just kist the shore,
“ And slept in silence.”———

Mason's Garden.

With pleasure, mixed with reverential awe, we trod Rhuddlan Marsh, so celebrated in the annals of history. Here the ill-fated Richard the Second was betrayed into the hands of Bolinbroke, and taken prisoner to Flint: here the famous King* of Mercia met his untimely death: here the Welsh, under the command of Caradoc, in the year 795, were defeated in a conflict with the Saxons, and their leader slain in the action. This memorable and tragical event is handed down to posterity, by an ancient celebrated Ballad, cailed *Morva Rhuddlan*, or the Marsh of Rhuddlan, composed by the bards on the death of Prince Caradoc.

The ground we trod, connected with so many events, revived in our minds, the memory of past ages, a series of historical events came to our recollection; events, that are now so distant, as almost to be obliterated from the page of history. Passing over a bridge of two arches, thrown over the river Clwyd, we entered

* Offa.

RHUDDLAN,

once the largest and most respectable town in North-Wales. Walking over the ruins of the castle, I recurred, by a natural association of ideas, to the times, when the parliament-house, the halls, and courts echoed with the voices of those, who have long since been swept from the earth, by the unerring hand of death. One solitary Gothic window is now only remaining, to distinguish the old parliament-house, where Edward the First instituted that famous code of laws, under the title of the *Statute of Rhuddlan*, from a neighbouring barn: and, what once contained the parliament of England, now contains nothing but bark for the supply of a tan-yard.

The old castle is built of red stone; it consists of a square area, strongly fortified with a wall: this court we entered through the grand gate-way, between two round towers: the opposite side corresponds. The whole is encircled by a deep entrenchment, faced with stone on the river side, with two square towers, one of which still remains.

The road from hence to

ST. ASAPH,

affords a most rich and beautiful walk, extending along the celebrated vale of Clwyd. This rich tract of land, called, *The Eden of North Wales*, extends in length about twenty-five miles, and in breadth about eight. The neighbourhood of Ruthin affords the best view of this vale: though it is by no means so interesting and romantic, as the vale of Glamorganshire, yet its high cultivation, and the picturesque, but moderate height of the hills, rising on each side of the river Clwyd, renders the scenery pleasing: its chief produce is corn. Both these vales claim the attention of the traveller; and both have to boast of particular beauties. One mile from St. Asaph, we passed, on our right, the elegant seat of Sir Edward Lloyd. We still followed the banks of the Clwyd, and at the farthest extremity a light elegant bridge, of seven arches, with the dark tower of St. Asaph's Cathedral rising on an eminence just over it, gave a picturesque effect to the whole scenery.

The town itself is built on a hill, in one strait line, with a few neat houses. The cathedral naturally demands attention: the inside is remarkably neat and elegant, entirely Gothic, with the ceiling of chesnut, and open ribs, like the skeleton of a ship: it has lately been

been repaired by Mr. Turner, architect of Whitechurch, at the great expence of two thousand four hundred pounds. The monument of David ap Owen, bishop of this diocese, was particularly pointed out to us. The bishop's palace has been entirely rebuilt by the present diocesan. The choir consists of a bishop, dean, six canons, seven prebends, and four vicars. There are no monuments in the church-yard, and few of any importance within its venerable walls.

St. Asaph receives its derivation from its patron, who established a bishop's see here, in the year 590: but in British it is named *Llan-Elwy*, on account of the conflux of the Elwy with the Clywd. It is singular, that the bishop's jurisdiction extends over no entire county, but part of Flintshire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire, and Shropshire.

The tract of land extending from hence to

DENBIGH,

is extremely rich in wood, pasture, and corn, but very deficient in water; directly contrary to the rugged scenes of Caernarvonshire; the summits of whose mountains appeared still visible in the distant retrospect,

mingling with the clouds. About a mile from St. Asaph, we were particularly pleased with an old oak, whose arms extending entirely across the road, formed a most elegantly shaped arch.

Denbigh, situated nearly in the centre of the vale of Clwyd, is a well-built town, standing on the declivity of a hill. A large manufactory of shoes and gloves is here carried on, and annually supplies London with a vast quantity. The ruins of the castle, still remaining on a rock, commanding the town, are too celebrated in history, and too cruelly shattered by the ravages of war, to be passed unnoticed. The principal entrance forms a fine Gothic arch, with the statue of King Edward the First, its founder, above it, in an elegant nich, curiously carved, encircled with a square stone frame. No part of this castle is perfect; but the huge thick fragments, which are scattered in the most extraordinary and fantastical manner, seem to tell its former magnificence; and a present view of things, such as they are, with a retrospect of what they originally were, spreads a gloom over the mind, and interrupts the pleasure of contemplation; yet still, the singular character of this ruin is particularly interesting. Masses of wall still remain, the proud effigies of sinking greatness; and the shattered tower seems to nod at every murmur of the blast, and menace the observer with immediate

mediate annihilation. Amongst these ruins we lingered till the whole was silvered by the pale rays of the moon. To form a conjecture, on the extent of its apartments, is now impossible; but it is thus described by Leland, in his *Itinerary*:

“ The castelle is a very large thinge, and hath many
“ toures yn it; but the body of the worke was never
“ finischid.

“ The gate-house is a marvelous strong and great
“ peace of worke, but the fastigia of it were never
“ finischid. If they had beene, it might have beene
“ countid among the most memorable peaces of workys
“ in England. It hath diverse wardes and dyverse port-
“ colicis. On the front of the gate is set the image of
“ Henry Lacy, Erle of Lincoln, in his stately long
“ robes.

“ There is a nother very high towre, and larg, in the
“ castelle, caullid the Redde Towre.

“ Sum say, that the Erle of Lincoln's funne felle
“ into the castelle welle, and ther dyed; wherapon he
“ never passid to finisch the castelle.

“ King Edward the Fourth was besiegid in Den-
“ high

“ high castelle, and ther it was pactid bytwene King
“ Henry’s men and hym that he should with life de-
“ parte the reaulme, never to returne. If they had
“ taken King Edward there debellatum fuisset.”

The parish church stands within the walls of the original town. Below the castle are the fragments of an old church, which for particular reasons, that cannot now be ascertained, was never finished : it contains nine windows on two sides, with a large and handsome one on the east.

The vale of Clwyd still retains the character of luxuriant fertility : about two miles from hence, in our way to

RUTHIN,

“ Denbigh, fair empress of the vale,” with its tottering towers, formed a most beautiful landscape; whilst the neat little hamlet of Whitchurch peeped from among the pomp of groves. At the small village of St. Fynnon St. Dyfnog, this curious inscription over a door,

“ Near this place, within a vault,
“ ‘There is such liquor fix’d,
“ You’ll say that water, hops, and malt,
“ Were never better mix’d;”

invited

invited the “weary-way wanderer,” to partake of the *good things* within: this inclined us to be better acquainted with the author of this *extraordinary stanza*; and we intreated the landlord to be our director to the much-esteemed well of St. Dyfnog. Passing through the church-yard, and from thence through the passage of an alms’-house, we reached a plantation of trees, with a broad gravel-walk, almost concealed from day’s garish light, by the thick foliage: this brought us to the fountain, enclosed in an angular wall, which forms a bath of considerable size; and so

———“far retir’d

“Among the windings of a woody vale,

“By solitude and deep surrounding shades,

“But more by bashful modesty, conceal’d;”

that the “lovely young Lavinia” might here plunge into the flood, secure from the intrusion of Palemon. Many wonderful qualities are attributed to this fountain; but it is more particularly celebrated for the cure of the rheumatism: the water has no peculiar taste. We returned by a subterraneous path under the road, which led to the pleasure grounds, adjoining the seat of major Wyllyn.

Several seats were beautifully dispersed on each side of the vale; among which, Lord Bagot’s and Lord
Kirk-

Kirkwall's formed the most prominent features in the landscape.

Ruthin is a large neat town, only divided from the parish of Llanruth, by a strong stone bridge: the church, which is beautifully situated, is a handsome modern edifice: here is a monument to Dr. Gabriel Goodman, dean of Westminster, in the time of Elizabeth, and likewise a native of this place. A new gaol has lately been built here by Mr. Turner. The remains of the castle, at the southern extremity of the town, are scarcely worthy a moment's observation; and the site of the old chapel is now converted into a bowling-green. Owen Glendwr demolished this town by fire, September 20, 1400. In the last century, the loyalists fortified the castle, and sustained a long siege in 1646.

We still continued skirting the rich vale of Clwyd; but winding up a steep hill, overlooking the whole of it, from one extremity to the other, we were reluctantly compelled to bid a final adieu to all its vistas, hamlets, steeples; the whole prospect, glowing with luxuriance, seemed to assume fresh beauties, at this our farewell view: the cattle, which were grazing in the shorn meadows, and beautifully contrasted with the ripening corn, appeared more animated; and we discovered, or
thought

thought we discovered, an additional number of villages, peeping from the woody skirts of the sloping hills. From this point the vale is certainly seen to great advantage. To give a still greater effect, a thunder-storm came rolling on; and the clouds were

“ Silent borne along, heavy and slow,

“ With the big stores of steaming oceans charg’d.”

This storm compelled us to seek for a shelter in a miserable pot-house; but the civility of the landlady fully compensated for its want of accommodations. The effects of the storm rendered the remainder of our journey much more agreeable, and the heat less oppressive: a dull, uninteresting road continued, till we arrived within four or five miles of

WREXHAM.

The contrast was too striking to escape our notice; but having climbed a steep eminence, the eye commanded an almost boundless range of land; and the faint colour of the hills, retiring in the distance, was beautifully combined with the mellow green of nearer woods. The counties of Cheshire, Shropshire, and a considerable part of Wales, were extended, like a map, for our inspection; the town of Wrexham, rising in
the

the bottom, animated the scene, with its noble tower, overtopping the numberless little steeples near it. Close to the road, we observed several coal and lead mines, and a melting-house for forming lead into pigs; these works belong to Mr. Wilkinson.

The dirty out-skirts of Wrexham, by no means prepossessed us in favour of the town, but viewing it more leisurely, we can safely affirm, that it is not only the largest, but the best built town in Wales.

To the kind attentions of a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, we are much indebted, and under his directions, we surveyed the lions with great advantage. Our friendly Ciceroni first conducted us to the church, an elegant building of the reign of Henry VII. The tower is an hundred and forty feet high, and esteemed "a beautiful specimen of the "florid, or reformed Gothic, which prevailed about "that time;" all the figures and ornaments are well designed, and still in high preservation. The inside is not less elegant; it has lately been neatly repaired, with a good gallery and organ: the painted altar-piece is well executed. On the left, facing the altar, is a very handsome monument by Roubilliac, to the memory of Mrs. Mary Middleton; both the design, and execution, reflect the highest credit on the sculptor;
the

the subject is the Last Day; at the sound of the trumpet, a tomb of black marble bursts open, and a beautiful female figure, clothed in white, appears rising from it, just awoke from the sleep of death; her form dignified; candour, innocence, and celestial joy shine in her countenance, and give it the most feeling and animated expression: in the back ground, an obelisk, supposed to be erected to her memory, is rent asunder; above, an angel, enveloped in a cloud, is pointing to brighter scenes. In this church are two other monuments, executed by the same celebrated master, in memory of some of the Middletons; their designs, though striking, cannot be compared to his Last Day. Our worthy Conductor, perceiving we were great amateurs of paintings, and careful that nothing of consequence should be passed unnoticed by us, particularly wished us to examine the performance of a young artist, then at Wrexham: a copy amongst others, of a painting of Rembrandt's, taken by Mr. Allen, from a celebrated picture, in the possession of Lord Craven, was most ingeniously executed; the subject is an Old Man, instructing a Young Boy; the attention of the latter, most admirably preserved; the head of the former, and the hand particularly, most highly finished. Without any exaggeration, this painting would do credit to the most scientific painter, and be esteemed invaluable; it is therefore to be

be hoped, from the hands of so young an artist as Mr. Allen, that this performance will be disposed of, where judges of painting may view it with a critic's eye, and recommend its merits to those who can afford to encourage industry and ingenuity.

Our friend's invitation to his hospitable parsonage, and agreeable family, was too kindly urged, possibly to be refused, and in our way to

MARCH WIEL,

we visited the seat of P. York, Esq. The grounds and plantations, are very extensive; and the bowery walks, while they afford refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, allow partial views of the counties of Cheshire and Shropshire; with the Wrekin and Bryd-york Hills: in short, through these groves

“ How long so e'er the wanderer roves, each step
“ Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point presents
“ A different picture; new, and yet the same.

The tower of Wrexham, and the town itself, as occasion offers, is a nearer, and an additional charming object. In an alteration of the walks a few years since, were discovered below the surface of the ground,
the

the shattered walls of an ancient castle; these fragments Mr. Yorke has left unimpaired, and they remain a memento of the vicissitudes of fortune. The entrenchments round the castle, and likewise the original site of the keep, are still very apparent.

The house itself is very indifferent: Watt's Dyke runs through part of the grounds. In a parlour opposite the garden, we observed some fine paintings of the Hardwicke family. Mr. Yorke has dedicated another room to the Royal Tribes of Wāles,* where the arms and lines of the descent, as far as they can be traced, are emblazoned and hung up.

In the coolness of the evening, our hospitable host conducted us to the neat and elegant little country church of March Wiel, lately cased with stone; and in the year 1788, ornamented with a new painted window by Mr. Eginton, of Birmingham; the twenty-one compartments contain the arms and crests of the Middletons and Yorkes, with rich transparent borders. This window is undoubtedly very elegant, but the subject in my own opinion, more adapted to a hall, than an ornament to a church window. The high

* Since our visit to this spot, Mr. Yorke has published a most excellent and valuable book, entitled, *An History of the Royal Tribes of Wales*

tower appears not in proportion with the body of the church.

Deeply impressed with sentiments of gratitude towards our reverend friend, and sensible of his hospitality and kind intentions, we took leave of him early the next morning, and pursued our route to

RUABON,

purposing to visit Wynnſtſay Park, the much admired seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. On leaving March Wiel, a most delightful prospect spread before us; in the retrospect, the tower of Wrexham Church brought to our recollection the views of Magdalen College Tower, in the vicinity of Oxford.

The park of Wynnſtſay is well stocked with red deer; excellent plantations; and the house is an elegant modern structure, but nothing in the inside particularly deserving the attention of the traveller. In the grounds, the chief object, worthy of inspection, is a very elegant obelisk, now erecting to the memory of the present Sir Watkin's father. The height is an hundred and one feet; the base of it sixteen, and the top nine, built with free-stone, and fluted: round the top is formed a gallery,

lery, with a handsome urn in bronze, after an elegant design, cast in London; round the base of the column are wreaths of oak leaves, in the beaks of four eagles, cast in the same metal. On the south-west side is a door, with a stair-case within the obelisk leading to the top: we regretted that the key could not be procured, as the prospect from that elevation must be extremely fine. On the other three sides, an appropriate inscription, in English, Welch, and Latin, is to be carved.

Through this park runs Offa's Dyke, thrown up by the great King of Mercia, from whence it derives its name, to check the irruptions of the Welch, mark the confines of each country, and give greater security to his own. It begins at Basingwerk, in Flintshire, and ends at Chepstow, in Monmouthshire; extending a line of not less than one hundred and fifty miles, over rocks and mountains. This great undertaking still retains the ancient name of *Clawdh Offa*, or Offa's Dyke.

Passing through the little village of Ruabon, situated at the extremity of Sir Watkin's Park, a very interesting and picturesque country, composed of rich valleys, and gently sloping hills, presented itself to our view; and, at some distance, we soon caught a glimpse of Chirk Castle, a noble seat of the family of the

Myddletons, standing on an eminence. Four miles from Llangollen, we enquired for the wonderful

PONTCYSYLLTY,*

(pronounced *Pont y Casülte*) or famous aqueduct, now erecting over the river Dee, and found ourselves within half a mile of this great and astonishing undertaking. It is not yet finished; eleven pillars are already completed, built of sandy stone, which is dug on the spot; they are fifteen yards asunder, and their height, from the bed of the river, one hundred and twenty feet: over the whole is to run an iron trough, sufficiently deep for barges of considerable burthen. On the middle column is the following inscription:

“ The nobility and gentry of
The adjacent counties,
Having united their efforts with
The great commercial interest of this country,
In creating an intercourse and union between
England and Wales,
By a navigable communication of the three rivers,
Severn, Dee, and Mersey;

* Enquire the way to this aqueduct at the turnpike, about four miles from Llangollen.

For the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade,
Caused the first stone of this aqueduct of
PONTCYSYLLTY,
To be laid on the 25th day of July, M.DCC.XCV.
When Richard Myddleton, of Chirk, Esq. M. P.
One of the original patrons of the
Ellesmere canal,
Was lord of this manor,
And in the reign of our Sovereign
George the Third;
When the equity of the laws, and
The security of property,
Promoted the general welfare of the nation;
While the arts and sciences flourished
By his patronage, and
The conduct of civil life was improved
By his example."

This wonderful aqueduct reflects great honour to the undertakers of so admirable, as well as valuable an enterprize; and should their hazardous scheme succeed, the whole nation must indubitably reap great advantages: several columns must still be erected, before the level can be accomplished. It is forming over the most beautiful and romantic part of the river Dee; a bridge likewise, not far from this spot, adds considerably to the beauty of the scene. Wood, water, and sloping hills, all combine to render this vale interesting;

several detached cottages, are sprinkled through its wooded declivities, and here and there a gentleman's seat, "embosomed high in tufted trees," makes a pleasing feature in the fascinating landscape. Returning to the turnpike-road, a short saunter soon brought us to the romantically-situated town of

LLANGOLLEN,

(pronounced *Llangothlen*) completely environed with mountains, with a high hill to our right, bearing on its narrow peak the small remains of Castle Dinas Brân. The bridge, adjacent to the town, thrown over the rapid Dee, consisting of six arches, and formerly esteemed *one of the principal wonders of Wales*, by no means answered our expectations. Some difficulty, no doubt, attended its first erection, as the foundation is built on the solid rock: it is now repairing.

The elegant description of the valley in the kingdom of Amhara, by Dr. Johnson, is very applicable to Llangollen; for "all the blessings of nature seemed here to be collected, and its evils extracted and excluded." Without a sigh of regret, not like the discontented Raffles, I could here pass the remainder of my days, "in full conviction, that this vale contains within its
" reach

“ reach all that art or nature can bestow ; *I could* pity
 “ those, whom fate had excluded from this seat of
 “ tranquillity, as the sport of chance, and the slaves of
 “ misery.” Such is the enviable situation of Lady
 Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who thus veiled in
 obscurity have fitted up, in a true characteristic stile,
 an elegant little cottage at the west extremity of the
 town, situated on a knoll : the two rooms, which are
 allotted for the inspection of strangers, are very hand-
 somely furnished ; the dining-room is ornamented with
 drawings, the most favourite spots in the vicinity
 being selected as the subjects. The window commands
 a prospect of the mountains, which awfully rise in
 front. The study, looking on the well-arranged plan-
 tations of the garden, was appropriately furnished with
 a choice collection of books : we regretted, in the ab-
 sence of the gardener, that we could not gain admittance
 to the grounds. The vale of Llangollen, and this
 enviable retreat, have been the subject of much admira-
 tion both in verse and prose ; and highly deserve the
 praises which have been lavished upon it :

“ Say, ivy’d Valle Crucis ; time delay’d
 “ Dim on the brink of Deva’s wand’ring floods,
 “ Your iv’d arch glitt’ring thro’ the tangled shade,
 “ Your grey hills tow’ring o’er your night of woods ;
 “ Deep in the vale recesses as you stand,
 “ And, desolately great, the rising sigh command ;

" Say, lovely ruin'd pile, when former years
 " Saw your pale train at midnight altars bow ;
 " Saw superstition frown upon the tears
 " That mourn'd the rash, irrevocable vow ;
 " Wore one young lip gay Eleanora's* smile ?
 " Did Zara's† look serene one tedious hour beguile ?

The bridge of Llangollen is thus described by the elegant pen of Mr. Pennant :

" The bridge, which was founded by the first *John*
 " *Trevor*, Bishop of *St. Asaph*,‡ who died in 1357, is
 " one of the *Tri Thlws Cymru*, or three beauties of
 " *Wales* : but more remarkable for its situation than
 " structure. It consists of five arches ; whose widest
 " does not exceed twenty-eight feet in diameter. The
 " river usually runs under only one ; where it has
 " formed a black chasm of vast depth, into which the
 " water pours with great fury, from a high broken
 " ledge, formed in the smooth, and solid rock, which
 " composes the whole bed of the river. The view
 " through the arches, either upwards or downwards, is
 " extremely picturesque."

Having satisfied our curiosity, Dinas Brân, or Crow

* Lady Eleanor Butler.

† Miss Ponsonby.

‡ *Willis's St. Asaph*, p. 52, 285.

Castle, next invited our attention, and having attained the summit of a steep and craggy hill, commanding a pleasing view of Llangollen, we arrived at the ruins, which crest this precipice. The remains of this castle are now so trifling, that it scarcely repays even the enthusiast the trouble of ascending; its appearance is by no means picturesque, not a tree to give effect to the crumbling walls; nor has time spared one of the towers.

It was formerly the residence of Myfanwy Vechan, so celebrated in verse. The castle is built of the stone which composes the hill, on which it is erected. The prospect is very pleasing. Chirk Castle, Wynnſtay Park,* and many other seats of respectability, more particularly conspicuous; great part of the vale, and the meandering course of the Dee, may here be traced; whilst the opposite hills are shelved off in an extraordinary and unusual manner, resembling so many walls, or fortifications. Having descended this steep eminence, we continued our route to Valle Crucis Abbey, about two miles distant from Llangollen. It would be advisable for strangers first to visit Valle Crucis, and

* From a second survey of my note-book, I perceive, when speaking of the house, I omitted mentioning that there are several family pieces, both of the Wynne and Williams, worthy the inspection of the connoisseur. The house has been built at various times.

take Dinas Brân Castle in their way back to their inn. The transmutations of time are frequently ridiculous : the long aisles of this monastery, which were once only responsive to the slow-breathed chaunt, now repeat the rude dissonance of ducks, cows, and all manner of poultry. Instead of these emblems of rusticity, the mind's eye is more accustomed to appropriate these antique edifices to the midnight procession of Monks issuing from their cells, to perform the solemn service. These neglected walls are too deeply-shrouded by the melancholy grove of towering ash, contiguously formed, to be seen to advantage ; an axe, judiciously used, would be of service to the ruin, as the elegant window of the chapel is completely concealed by the luxuriant vegetation around ; still, however, a pleasing melancholy pervades the whole scene. The abbey is beautifully skreened, on all sides, by woody hills, which entirely protect it from the inclemency of the winter.

This ancient cistercian monastery was founded by Madoc ap Griffith Maelor, in the year 1200, and is sometimes called Llan-Egwiste, or Llanegwaft. In this vale is the pillar of Eglwysseg ; but the country people appeared quite ignorant of its situation. Returning to Llangollen, we pursued the turnpike-road to the neat village of

CHIRK.

CHIRK.

For some way we followed the strait and formal course of a canal, near this, communicating with the Pont-y-Casulte; we again paused to survey this wonderful design. The vale, on our left, was indescribably beautiful; and over the whole was diffused the purple glow of the evening. The prospect was composed of the miniature parts of the immense landscape we had viewed from Dinas Brân Hill, each of which we now contemplated separately as a scene. The moon's checkered gleam besilvered the walls of Chirk Castle, just as we entered the Hand inn, where, after the fatigues of a long walk, we met with excellent accommodations, when considered as a village.

After breakfast the next morning, we endeavoured to obtain admission to see the inside of Chirk Castle, but without success, though now only inhabited by servants, who were peremptorily commanded to admit no strangers. It is situated on an eminence, surrounded by a park, and fine plantations, which are very judiciously laid out; this elegant mansion has been in the possession of the Myddleton family ever since the year 1614. Having gratified ourselves with a survey of this noble park, we returned to the Oswestry road. Leaving the
village

village of Chirk, we crossed a new bridge, of one arch elegantly constructed : near it is another aqueduct, of considerable extent, now erecting over this river and valley, which, though very inferior to the Pont-y-Cafulte, is still a great undertaking : it is several hundred yards in length, and the brick piers rise fifty or sixty feet above the level of the water. Near this is a rich coal mine, lately discovered. From hence to Oswestry, we traversed a rich enclosed country, and enjoyed a scene particularly pleasing : all the inhabitants were collected, to gather in the produce of the ripened field ; and

“ Thro’ their cheerful band the rural talk,
“ The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
“ Fled harmless.” —

To the traveller and the poet, such scenes afford an ample field for amusement ; but waving corn is ill adapted to the canvas of the painter. About two miles from Oswestry, we passed through the little town of

WHITTINGTON.

At this place was fought the battle between Oswald, the Christian King of the Northumbrians, and Penda, the Pagan King of the Mercians, in which the former lost his life. An easy walk soon brought us to

OSWES-

OSWESTRY.

Its only relicks now remaining are the ruins of a chapel, built over a remarkably fine spring of water; to this was formerly attributed the cure of various diseases, incident both to man and beast; and though its miracles have long ceased, yet it still bears the name of the Saint. The remains of the castle, supposed to have been built at the time of the conquest, are now almost too trivial to be noticed. This town was garrisoned by the king, in the beginning of the civil wars, but captured in June, 1644, by the Earl of Denbigh and general Mytton.

In passing through the town of Oswestry, we noticed the church, as being a very neat building; but either from our own neglect, or imagining it not to be ancient, we did not inspect the interior. Oswestry suffered greatly by fire, in the year 1542, and likewise in 1567.

“ The chirch of St. Ofwalde (says Leland) is a very
 “ faire leddid chirch with a great tourrid steple, but it
 “ standith without the new gate; so that no chirch
 “ is there withyn the towne. This chirch was sum
 “ time

“ time a monasterie, caullid the *White Minster*. After
“ turnid to a parochie chirch, and the personage im-
“ propriate to the abbey of Shreusbyri. The cloister
“ stoode in hominum memoria ubi monumenta mona-
“ chorum. The place and streate wer the chirch
“ standithe is caullid Stretllan.”

From this place to

LLANYMYNACH,

a continuation of the rich enclosed country, shewing to advantage the agriculture of these parts, attended us till we reached the foot of the hill of Llanymynach. From the summit of this we enjoyed a most beautiful and boundless prospect, commanding the whole dome of the sky: all individual dignity was overpowered by the immensity of the whole view, which consisted more particularly of the rivers Virnwy and Tannad, joining their waters with the Severn; the lofty water-fall of Pistyll Rhaiadr—the Breddin Hills—and the Ferwyn Mountains. The geological observations on Llanymynach Hill, by Mr. Aikin, are so accurate, that to attempt any further description would be deemed highly presumptuous in me; I shall therefore avail myself of an account, so ably delineated:

“ The

“ The hill of Llanymynach, is not only remarkable
 “ for the fine prospect from its top, it is still more
 “ worthy notice, as containing by far the most exten-
 “ sive *lime-works* of any in this part of the country.
 “ The lime of Llanymynach rock is in high request
 “ as a manure, and is sent by land carriage as far as
 “ Montgomery, New-town, and even Llanidloes: it
 “ sells at the kilns, for seven-pence a bushel, and from
 “ thirty to thirty-six bushels, are reckoned a waggon-
 “ load; the coal with which it is burnt, is brought
 “ partly from the neighbourhood of Oswestry, and
 “ partly from Sir Watkin Williams Wynne’s pits,
 “ near Ruaben. The lime lies in strata, parallel to
 “ the horizon, varying in thickness from three inches
 “ to five feet; it is of an extraordinary hardness, with
 “ but little calcareous spar, and few shells, or other
 “ marine exuvial; its colour reddish brown, burning
 “ to almost white. Between the strata of lime, we
 “ found a very tenacious smooth clay, orange coloured
 “ ochre, and green plumose carbonate of copper, or
 “ malachite. It was in search of this copper, that the
 “ Romans carried on here such extensive works, of
 “ which the remains are still very visible: they consist
 “ of a range of from twenty to thirty shallow pits, the
 “ heaps of rubbish from the mouths of which, abound
 “ with small pieces of copper ore, and a cave of confi-
 “ derable dimensions, terminating in an irregular wind-
 “ ing

“ ing passage, of unknown length, connected with
“ which, are two air shafts still remaining open, and
“ the appearances of several others, now filled up: in
“ some of these caverns are found, large and beautiful
“ specimens of stalactite. One of the levels was ex-
“ plored some years ago, and in it was discovered a
“ skeleton, with mining tools, and some Roman cop-
“ per coins. The whole mass of the hill, seems more
“ or less impregnated with copper: whenever the sur-
“ face is uncovered, there are evident marks of the
“ presence of this metal, and the stones composing the
“ rampart of Offa's Dyke, which encompasses two sides
“ of the hill, are in many parts quite covered with
“ *cupreus efflorescences*. Between the village and the
“ rock, passes a branch of the Ellesmere Canal, which,
“ when navigable, will add much to the value of these
“ works, by rendering them more accessible to the sur-
“ rounding country, and may induce some spirited ad-
“ venturer, to recommence a search after copper,
“ which, it is evident, was formerly prosecuted with
“ considerable success.”

This description of Llanymynach Hill, we pronounce from our own observation, to be so very accurate, that the length of the quotation will be readily excused. Leaving the pretty village of Llanymynach, situated on the banks of the Virnwy, we resumed our
journey

journey to Welch Pool; the face of the country was pleasing, and we soon reached the Breddin Hills, on whose summit a column is erected to commemorate the victory of admiral Lord Rodney over the French, in the year 1782. Not far from hence, we passed a handsome aqueduct, admirably constructed over the river Virnwy, of great strength and stability. The vale of the Severn affords much picturesque scenery, and we at length arrived at

WELCH POOL

Quay, about three miles from that place; several vessels were lying here, which carry on a constant traffic with Worcester, and the towns situated on the banks of this noble river. Before our entrée into Pool, Powis Castle appeared on an eminence, immediately rising behind the town, and beautifully backed with a large plantation of trees.

Welch Pool derives its name from a black pool in its neighbourhood, (its Welch appellation signifying a quagmire or pool), and is one of the five boroughs in Montgomeryshire, which jointly send a member to parliament. The town is by no means neat; it stands on a low hill, and consists of one principal street; in

M

which

which are situated the new county hall, and market-places. The Severn is navigable within three quarters of a mile of this town, which is computed at not less than two hundred miles from its juncture with the Bristol Channel. It is the great market for the Welch flannel, called *gwart*, or webb, prepared in many parts of Merionethshire, and generally used for soldiers clothes. This trade, however, has of late been very inconsiderable.

Powis Castle (anciently called Poole Castle) lies to the right, about one mile from Pool, on the ridge of a rock, retaining a mixture of castle and mansion: it is built of red stone, and originally contained within its walls two castles: the entrance is between two round towers. There are several family portraits in a long gallery, measuring one hundred and seventeen feet by twenty:* it was formerly one hundred and sixty-seven feet long, but an apartment has been taken out of one end.† The gardens still retain that stiff formality, so much in vogue many years ago; but the curious water-works, in imitation of the wretched taste

* The measurement of this gallery is copied from former tourists, as some MS. notes taken on the spot, relative to this castle, and the places coming under our inspection, the two following days, have been accidentally lost.

† *Lord Littleton's Account of Powis Castle.*

of St. Germain's en Laye, are now destroyed. The prospect from the castle is very extensive, comprehending a view of Welch Pool, Vale, and Freiddin Hills.

From hence to

MONTGOMERY,

the Ellesmere Canal accompanied us part of the way; and at length, after a fatiguing walk, we reached the Green Dragon, a small and comfortable inn. The site of Montgomery is very pleasing, on a gentle ascent, and backed by a steep hill, beautifully clothed with the rich plantations belonging to Lord Powis. The town itself is a straggling place, and has little to recommend it; the remains of the castle are now too trifling to interest the passing traveller.

In the year 1094, this castle was gallantly defended by the Normans; but the Welch, at last, finding means to undermine the walls, took it by storm; and, after putting the garrison to the sword, levelled it to the ground. It was rebuilt by King Henry III. in the year 1221, as a check to the incursions of the Welch; but a second time razed to the ground by Llewellyn the Great, Prince of Wales: it afterwards became

the seat of the ancestors of the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, and continued in the possession of their descendants, till reduced to its present ruinous condition by the civil wars.

The road to

BISHOP'S CASTLE,

brought us through a very rich country ; and, on ascending a hill, about five miles from Montgomery, a retrospect of the far distant mountainous country of Wales, to which we were now bidding a last adieu, irresistibly brought on a train of serious reflections. In a retrospect like this, where the subject and the scene must inspire serious thoughts, such traces are not unpleasing ; they tend to promote one general effect—the love of contemplation. We enumerated the little incidents which had taken place, indulging reflections on scenes for ever past :—we erected, on the spot which we esteemed most adapted to retirement, the visionary cottage : our schemes were instantly arranged, —fancy fashioned its ornaments, adapted its appendages ;—and fancy will ever exceed realities. But all our air-built plans of future happiness soon vanished : —and alas ! when

“ fancy

—————"fancy scatters roses all around,
 "What blissful visions rise! In prospect bright
 "Awhile they charm the soul: but scarce attain'd,
 "The gay delusion fades. Another comes,
 "The soft enchantment is again renew'd,
 "And youth again enjoys the airy dreams
 "Of fancied good." —————

Bishop's Castle is situated in a bottom; we found it a more extensive place than we expected; but being shortly convinced, that there was nothing particular to require a long stay, and having recruited ourselves at the Castle inn, we hastened to leave the town. The road, for the first seven miles, continually dipped into shallow vallies, well wooded, affording cursory views, with many a substantial farmer's habitation lurking amongst the trees. At length, a rich and noble vale, with extensive woods on our right, animated with several gentlemens' seats, and watered by an overflowing stream, running immediately close to the road, accompanied us to

LUDLOW;

situated on an eminence, in the midst of this most luxuriant country. After the many indifferent Welch towns which we had passed through, since the com-

mencement of our pedestrian excursion, we felt ourselves not a little chagrined at our uncouth appearance, in entering so gay a place. The streets are commodious, and the houses and public buildings extremely neat. The gravel walks round the castle are extensive, and command, at occasional points, distinct prospects of the gentlemens' seats in the neighbourhood, with their grounds and noble plantations. The river Teme gives additional beauty to this fascinating spot; the new bridge, recently erected a little below the castle, forms likewise, from this spot, by no means an uninteresting object; add to this, at suitable distances, the river, by means of dams, is formed into small artificial cascades. At the extremity of the town, is another bridge, separating the counties of Shropshire and Hereford. These walks were laid out in the year 1772, by the Countess of Powis, at a great expence. The overshadowing trees not only afford refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, but are likewise a protection from the piercing winter's wind: indeed,

—————" I cou'd rove

" At morn, at noon, at eve, by lunar ray,

" In each returning season, through your shade,

" Ye reverend woods; cou'd visit ev'ry dell,

" Each hill, each breezy lawn, each wand'ring brook,

" And bid the world admire; each magic spot again

" Cou'd seek, and tell again of all its charms."

Towards

Towards the north, the mazy course of the Teme, —Oakley Park, the elegant seat of the Dowager Lady Clive,—the Clee Hills,—the celebrated Caer Caradoc, with the other eminences, near Stretton, terminating the view, present a most pleasing landscape. Towards the west, a combination of rock, wood, and water, gratifies the warmest wish of fancy.

The Whitecliff, opposite to the castle, and Hackluyt's Close, near the Leominster road, are the two other most favorite walks; but that round the castle is resorted to as the most fashionable promenade.

The town of Ludlow has been calculated to contain seven hundred and two houses, and nearly three thousand five hundred and sixty-five persons.* The public buildings are, the market-house, the guild-hall, the prison, called Goalford's Tower, and the cross: the rooms over the latter, are dedicated for the instruction of thirty poor boys, and fifteen poor girls; and the former, at a proper age, are apprenticed out. The

* This estimation is taken from the *Ludlow Guide*; from which I have taken such extracts, as, I flatter myself, will not be unacceptable to the Tourist. We dedicated two or three days to the investigation of this interesting town, and consequently, in those parts where the Guide is defective, we have made considerable additions; and more particularly when speaking of the church.

town enjoys no particular manufactory, but its chief trade consists in the article of gloves.

The castle, the palace of the Prince of Wales, in right of his principality, is now entirely in ruins, except Mortimer's Tower, which was repaired by Sir Henry Sidney, during his presidency: it is now inhabited by an old servant of Lord Powis's, a very civil and intelligent man, who related, with the utmost concern, the sad vicissitudes this castle had experienced; he insisted on our entering the tower of his habitation, and ascending the crumbling stairs, for a full display of the various beauties in the vicinity of Ludlow; he expatiated much on a valuable diamond ring, which he had discovered *himself*, when attempting to drain a cellar; the inscription of Hebrew characters, round the gold, within the ring, was interpreted by the *larned*, "A good heart;" this, and several coins of silver and gold, which were found at the same time, are now in the possession of Lord Powis; near the same spot, a number of skeletons were likewise dug up. He next conducted us to a small room in this tower, to observe an old stone placed over the fire-place, with a cross, the letters W. S. and the date 1575, engraven on it.

Over the south-east gateway, leading into the interior of the castle, are the arms of Elizabeth, Queen of England,

England; and beneath, those of the Sydney family, with the following inscription:

HOMINIBUS INGRATIS LOQUIMINI
LAPIDES.—ANN, REGNI REGINÆ
ELIZABETHAE 23.—THE 28 YEAR
COPIET OF THE RESIDENCE
OF SYR HENRY SYDNEY KNIGHT
OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER, 1581.

This castle, founded by Roger de Montgomery, on a rock, in the north-east angle of the town, supposed to be in the year 1112, was considerably enlarged by Sir Henry Sydney. Its ancient British name, *Dinan Llys Tywysog*, signifies the *Prince's Palace*. The vicissitudes of war have frequently been exemplified in this castle; it has had its lords and its princes; it has been plundered, captured, dismantled, and repaired, in those periods of civil warfare, which this unfortunate country, in former times, continually experienced. Phillips, in the *History and Antiquities of Shrewsbury*, during those melancholy troubles, gives some account of this castle. Some historians affirm, that King Edward V. and his brother, were born in Ludlow Castle; but others not crediting this assertion, attribute their birth-place to Wigmore: certain, however, it is, that during their minority,

minority, they here held their court, under the tuition of Lord Anthony Woodville, and Lord Scales, till they were removed to London, and soon after smothered in the tower, by the command of their cruel and ambitious uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. Here, likewise, Prince Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry VII. celebrated his marriage with the virtuous Catharine of Arragon; and in 1502, he here paid the debt of nature, and was buried in the cathedral church of Worcester.

The account of the representation, at Ludlow, of Milton's celebrated *Mask of Comus*, is thus mentioned in the Life of that poet, prefixed to Newton's edition: "It was in the year 1634, that his Mask was presented at Ludlow Castle. There was formerly a president of Wales, and a sort of a court kept at Ludlow, which has since been abolished; and the president, at that time, was the Earl of Bridgewater, before whom Milton's Mask was presented, on Michaelmas night; and the principal parts, those of the Two Brothers, were performed by his lordship's sons, the Lord Brackly, and Mr. Thomas Egerton; and that of the Lady, by his lordship's daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton."

In the first year of William and Mary, the presidency
was

was dissolved by act of parliament, “ being a great
“ grievance to the subject, and a means to introduce
“ an arbitrary power, especially in the late reign, when
“ a new convert family were at the head of it.”

The church next demanded our attention, the only one belonging to this town. The time of the foundation of this ancient and elegant structure cannot now be strictly ascertained : it is situated on an eminence, in the centre of the town. The square tower is lofty, and of very light architecture, but the upper part suffered much, from the all-destroying hand of Oliver Cromwell. The highly-finished statues round the battlements, are much mutilated, and many entirely destroyed. On entering the church, six light Gothic fluted arches on each side, with four similar ones of larger dimensions, supporting the tower, are strikingly grand. Under the organ-loft, we passed into the chancel, now only made use of for the administration of the Sacrament. This is a most elegant building, with thirteen stalls on each side, similar, in style, to the generality of cathedrals ; the seats of the stalls, all of which turn back, exhibit specimens of curious workmanship, with strange devices, and ridiculous conceits. Some of the glass painted windows are still in good preservation ; the large one, over the altar-piece, represents the History of St. Lawrence, to whom this church is dedicated, in
fifty-

fifty-four compartments. The other windows of the chancel are much mutilated, collected from different parts of the church, and several panes broken, by the unmeaning idleness of boys;—regardless of these valuable relicks of antiquity.—In the side of the wall, near the altar, are two stone stalls, with a piscina opposite.

In this chancel is a handsome monument, erected to the memory of Robert Townsend, and his wife, with several figures of their sons and daughters carved round the bottom: over them are the arms of their family and connexions: it bears the date of 1581.

A modern monument to Theophilus Solway, Esq.

An ancient one to Ambrosia Sydney, who died at Ludlow Castle. This lady was daughter to Sir Henry Sidney, who attained the important situation of the presidency of Wales, in the year 1564. He died at Bewdley, in 1584, and left this singular injunction to his executors: “that his heart should be buried at “Shrewsbury, his bowels at Bewdley, and his body at “Ludlow, in the tomb of his favourite daughter Ambrosia:” this order was punctually executed; and the leaden urn, containing his heart, was six inches deep, and five inches in diameter at the top, with this inscription carved three times round it:

HER

HER LITH THE HARTE OF SYR HENRYE SYDNEY
L. P. *Anno Domini*, 1586.

For an engraving of this urn, taken from a drawing of Mr. S. Nicholas, see the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1794.

Another monument* to Edward Wetson, and his wife, kneeling opposite to each other.

In a small chapel, to the left of the chancel, are three very handsome painted glass-windows, containing the History of the Apostles, in eighteen compartments: there is also a rosary.

In this chapel is an elegant marble tomb, to Sir Thomas Bridgeman, serjeant at law. In this church is likewise buried Sir John Bridgeman, the last president but one of Ludlow Castle. He was extremely rigid in his office: and one Ralph Gittins, who had probably experienced his severity, composed the following Epitaph on him:

“ Here lies Sir John Bridgeman, clad in his clay :
“ God said to the Devil, sirrah, take him away.”†

* No account of the inside of the church is given in the *Ludlow Guide*.

† *Phillips's History of Shrewsbury*.

A chapel

A chapel corresponding on the opposite side, contains the royal arms of Charles, and some old iron armour.

Should the Tourist find time to make any stay at Ludlow, several excursions in the neighbourhood, will prove highly gratifying. Oakley Park, the elegant seat of the Dowager Lady Clive, claims the greatest attention; it is situated about two miles from Ludlow, on the banks of the Teme river; just beyond this, is a seat of — Walpole, Esq. About five miles distant is Downton Castle, the noble mansion, and fine walks of Richard Payne Knight, Esq. one of the representatives in parliament for the borough of Ludlow. Being necessitated to leave this charming country by a particular day, we had no opportunity of visiting these celebrated and much admired seats.

With regret we left the delightful situation of Ludlow, and crossing Lawford's Bridge, we ascended an eminence, along a beautiful terrace, commanding a most charming and pleasant country to our left, with the fertile county of Hereford, abounding with orchards, which were all bending with the produce of the year. About two miles from Ludlow on the right, we paused to admire the delightful seat of Theophilus Richard Solway, Esq. situated on an eminence, and skirted by a rich plantation of wood
towards

towards the west: it is called the Lodge. Descending into a bottom, a rich country, fludded with farm-houses, soon brought us to the town of

LEOMINSTER;

or Lemister, consisting of one long street; the Market-place in the centre, bearing a very old date, and likewise the church, are both deserving of the traveller's notice. It is situated in a flat, and the country round it is not particularly interesting.

From hence a turnpike-road, shewing to advantage, the rich culture of the country, soon brought us within sight of the venerable cathedral of

HEREFORD,

backed by a sloping eminence just rising behind, and beautifully clothed with wood. Being under a particular engagement to meet a party at Ross, to accompany us down the Wye the following day, time would not allow us to investigate this respectable city, so minutely as it deserves. Our observations, therefore, were so cursory, that the *Hereford Guide* must supply the

the deficiencies in this part of our Journal; this neglect, the Tourist must attribute to our delay at the engaging town of Ludlow.

At Hereford, we for some time hesitated respecting the hire of a boat to convey us to Ross; but the exorbitant demand of the boatmen soon determined us to pursue the turnpike-road, and follow, as near as possible, the course of the Wye. The orchards were overcharged with "bending fruit," and seemed to prognosticate a more favourable cider season, than has of late been experienced. The retrospect of the city, with its ancient cathedral, formed a most attracting view; and about three miles, a most lovely vale, bounded by the hills of South Wales, arrested our attention. A continuation of the same scenery of orchards, in which Herefordshire so peculiarly abounds, with the road continually dipping into shallow vallies, attended us within five miles of Ross, when, ascending a steep hill, a view of that town, or, rather, of its far conspicuous spire, broke in upon the reposing character of the scene. This presently conducted us to Wilton Bridge, thrown over the Wye, about half a mile from the town; and, leaving the castle of Wilton to the left, we ascended the town of

ROSS,

to the inn, so celebrated as the original habitation of Mr. Kyrle; more generally known by the name of "The Man of Ross." The landlord seems rather to depend upon the custom of strangers, from this circumstance, than the accommodations the inn offers. On the bridge we paused a short time, to take a view of the meandering Vaga, which here considerably widens; several pleasure-boats, of various construction, were riding at anchor, and united to enliven the watry scene, whilst its smooth tranquil surface, reflected and reverted every object situated on the banks.

The life and character of Mr. Kyrle has too often been insisted on, and too frequently celebrated in verse, to be again repeated, unless to "point its moral to the heart;" teaching us, that self-approbation can confer an inward happiness, superior to all wordly applause; for,

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy;
 "The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
 "Is virtue's prize."————

Such a bustle pervaded the whole town, of parties assembling here for an equatic expedition to Mon-

N

mouth,

mouth, the following day, that with difficulty we obtained a small room. From this circumstance, it would be advisable for parties to secure themselves accommodations during the summer months, a considerable time before hand; such is the continued assemblage of parties forming for the Wye; a boat likewise should be hired, and by mentioning the number of your party, the landlord will be a proper judge, respecting the size. Strangers may pass, with pleasure, the greatest part of a day, in surveying the views in the vicinity of Ross; views, which must gratify the most superficial observer; but more particularly from the church-yard. A walk may be preferred through the latter place to "The Prospect," so called from the profuse variety of objects, in the beautiful, and the sublime, which are presented from this spot. The sudden burst of such a collection of beauties, the eye, indeed, cannot contain without gratification. The river below bends itself in the whimsical and fantastical shape of a horse-shoe: this singular wind of the river—the ruins of Wilton Castle—the luxuriant counties of Hereford and Monmouth, and the beautiful Chase Woods, all combine to promote one peculiarly grand and beautiful effect. To enter into a minute description of objects, so various and extensive, is impossible: in fine, to delineate the beauties of the Vaga, with all its accompaniments, would be enumerating every object that is interesting
in

in Nature. Having sufficiently contemplated the view from the Prospect, a ramble through the meadows will next prove highly pleasing.

The situation of Ross, though exceedingly beautiful, has nothing in itself to detain attention: the streets are narrow, dirty, and inconvenient. The castle of Wilton, situated on the banks of the Wye, was founded in the reign of King Henry I.; it was formerly a nunnery, from whence the Greys de Wilton derive their title.

Early in the morning, we congratulated each other on the favourableness of the weather, and with good spirits provided all the necessaries requisite for our water expedition; the enjoyment of which depends much on the season. The hire of the boat to Monmouth, by water, is one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, not including ten shillings for provisions for the men, who likewise expect an additional small sum, after the fatigues of the day. The boat, navigated by three men, will contain ten or twelve people, without any inconvenience, and is properly protected by an awning, from the heat of the sun. The distance from Ross to Chepstow, by water, is more than forty miles, which strangers occasionally accomplish in one day; but this hurrying method will not allow them an op-

portunity of inspecting, with proper attention, the various objects which deserve to be noticed; and they cannot possibly find time to leave their boat, and climb the rugged steep banks of the Wye, in search of views, which, though visited by the discerning few, yet merit the regard of every amateur of Nature's landscapes: and here it may not be improper to mention, that the boat-men too frequently suffer these most interesting spots to be passed unnoticed by strangers, merely from laziness, or to avoid the delay of a few minutes. Gilpin, in his excellent treatise, *Observations on the River Wye*, thus analyzes, in the second section, the beauties of the "echoing Vaga," and divides its constituent parts into—the *steepness* of its banks—its *mazy* course—the *ground*, *woods*, and *rocks*, which are its native ornaments—and, lastly, the *buildings*. To this he might with propriety have added, its *echoes*—the *variety of views* from its banks—the fishing *coracles*, which are continually on the river; for all these contribute to form one pleasing and interesting effect.

We embarked on board our boat, a little below the town; and the first object which drew our attention, was the ivy-mantled walls of Wilton Castle: the annual growth of the few trees which encircle it, will, in time, render it a more picturesque object; it is at present so sufficiently seen from the water, as not to require the
stranger

stranger to disembark for farther inspection. A few yards below, we passed under Wilton Bridge; an elegant structure, of several arches. From hence, for four or five miles, the banks are tame and uninteresting, and so high above the river, as to prevent a prospect of the adjacent country; but a groupe of cattle, some ruminating on the brink, some browsing on the ashlings, which overhung the stream, and others

—————“ from their sides,
 “ The troublous insects lashing with their tails,
 “ Returning still,”—————

formed a “rural confusion.” The velocity of the stream shortly brought us to that noble scenery, about four miles from Ross, which so eminently distinguishes and constitutes the beauty of the Wye; before us, the noble remains of Goodrich Castle, cresting a steep eminence, enveloped with trees, presented themselves; behind, the thick foliage of Chase Woods closed the picture. The happiest gradation of tints, and the liveliest blending of colours, were here conspicuous. On the right hand we landed on the shore, in order to make a minute investigation of the castle: it is certainly a grand ruin, and stands on an eminence, naturally so steep, as to render it, in former times, capable of some resistance against a formidable enemy. On our first en-

trance into the ruin, we naturally indulged reflections on past scenes, contemplated the traces of ancient splendor; and, connecting what remains, with what is destroyed; we pondered on the vanity of human art, and the ravages of time, which exhibit, in this ruin, their completest triumph. The warrior, who strove to preserve its original grandeur against the attacks of Cromwell, is buried in Walford Church, situated on the opposite side of the river, and seen from the castle. The different parts of the building bear evident marks of its having been erected at various times; from a seat in the castle-yard is the most advantageous spot for surveying, in one view, the whole of this ruin: an octagon pillar, of light and elegant workmanship, is seen to great advantage through the gate-way, and adds considerably to the magnificence of this ancient pile: it now belongs to Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock, the lord of the manor. To return to our boat: we took a different and more circuitous route, for the purpose of inspecting the remains of Goodrich Priory, now converted into a farm. The chapel has experienced the same vicissitude; and those walls, which formerly re-echoed with the chaunting of voices, and the solemn peal, now repeat the continued strokes of the flail; in many parts of the walls, the initials of names of persons, who have long since paid the debt of nature, and left behind no other memorial, are carved with characteristic

teristic rudeness, shewing, to every passing stranger, the prevalency of that universal passion—the love of fame. The Gothic windows, and the cross, erected on each end of the building, shew evident marks of its former purpose. The boat usually meets the passengers at another reach of the river; but it is a plan by no means to be recommended; since, by missing a circuit round the castle, its different tints, and variety of attitudes, occasioned by one of the boldest sweeps of the Wye, are entirely lost. A short time after we had taken our last retrospect of Goodrich Castle, the spire of Ruredean Church appeared in front, just peeping from among the woody skirts of the Forest of Dean: a little below, Courtfield House, belonging to Mr. Vaughan, was seen, in a very picturesque point of view, with the ruins of the chapel, forming the background. In Courtfield House, tradition reports, the warlike Henry V. was nursed; and in the church of Welch Bicknor, situated to the right, in a noble amphitheatre, enclosed with rocks, first embraced the Christian religion. A busy scene of craft loading and unloading, and coals shipping for various parts from the quay at Lidbrook, presents a picture of cheerful activity, and forms a pleasing contrast to the quiet, rich, and retired spots, we had left behind us; such spots, as were well adapted to form the mind of Britain's glory—the virtuous Henry. The banks now

became richly clothed with wood, from the summits of the highest rocks to the water's edge; and a hill in front, called Rosemary Topping, from the mellow luxuriance of its sides, closed the prospect. Almost every sweep presents a new object to strike the admiration of the spectator: the transitions are sudden, but never so harsh as to disgust; even the contrast between the embellishments of art we had just left, and the wild rocks, which here exhibit Nature in her most striking attitudes, give an additional impression to each other.

We now reached the fine mass of rocks, called Coldwell, one of which, Symond's Yatch, to the left, it is customary for company to ascend, in order to view the mazy and circuitous course of the river, and the extensive prospect around. The Forest of Dean, the counties of Monmouth, Hereford, and Gloucester, were extended before us, studded with villages, diversified with clusters of half-visible farm houses; with many a grey steeple, "embosomed high in tufted "trees." In painting the several views from this summit, the happiest description would fail; the impression can only be conveyed by the eye. The river here makes a most extraordinary winding round the promontory, and having completed a circuit of more than five miles, flows a second time immediately under Symond's Yatch. The whole of this mazy course may
be

be traced from this eminence. From hence we discovered a very remarkable polysyllabical articulate echo, and we reckoned twelve distinct reverberations from the explosion of a gun, fired on this spot. It is here again customary for the boatmen to impose on strangers, and if they can prevail on them, during their walk to Symond's Yatch, will take the boat round the circuit of five miles, and meet them at New Wier, in order that no time should be lost; but this laziness we by no means encouraged, and the whole course of this extraordinary and romantic sweep proved highly gratifying. Goodrich Spire, which we again wound round, presented itself: huge fragments of massy rocks which have rolled down from the precipices, opposite Manuck Farm, here almost choaked up the course of the stream. The changing attitudes and various hues of Symond's Yatch, lifting its almost spiral head high above the other rocks, as we receded and drew near it, supplied a combination of tints surprisingly gay and beautiful; and having accomplished a sweep of five miles, we reached, within a quarter of a mile, the spot where we began our ascent to this steep eminence.

The view of New Weir, next unfolded itself; but a disagreeable scene here generally occurs, and interrupts the pleasure of contemplation: a large assemblage of beggars, men, women, and children, on the banks,

banks, bare-footed, and scarcely a rag to cover them, followed our boat, imploring charity; and several almost throwing themselves into the water, to catch your money, which, every now and then, the bigger seize from the less. This idle crew subsist on the trifles they obtain from strangers; and as beggary is their professed trade, if their wants are not satisfied, they generally add insolence, with an oath, to their demands.

But I have omitted to mention, that before we reached the New Weir, the spire of Haunton on Wye, cresting a hill at the extremity of a long reach, and a fantastic barren rock, jutting out from the green foliage which encircles it, presenting itself bold and conspicuous, formed prominent and interesting features in the landscape: this is called "Bearcroft," receiving its appellation from the very respectable and learned counsellor of that name. Several rocks indeed, particularly in this part of the river, are named by the Council, who have long made it a practice of exploring the rich and bold scenery of the Wye, on their assize circuit. Gilpin, considering New Weir as the second grand scene on the Wye, thus describes it: "The
" river is wider than usual in this part, and takes a
" sweep round a towering promontory of rock, which
" forms the side screen on the left, and is the grand
" feature

“ feature of the view.—On the right side of the
“ river, the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, follow-
“ ing the course of the stream round the promontory :
“ its lower skirts are adorned with a hamlet, in the
“ midst of which, volumes of thick smoke, thrown up
“ at intervals, from an iron forge, as its fires receive
“ fresh fuel, add double grandeur to the scene. But
“ what peculiarly marks this view, is a circumstance
“ on the water : the whole river, at this place, makes
“ a precipitate fall ; of no great height, indeed, but
“ enough to merit the name of a cascade, though to
“ the eye, above the stream, it is an object of no con-
“ sequence. In all the scenes we had yet passed, the
“ water moving with a slow and solemn pace, the
“ objects around kept time, as it were, with it ; and
“ every steep, and every rock, which hung over the
“ river, was solemn, tranquil, and majestic. But
“ here, the violence of the stream, and the roaring of
“ the waters, impressed a new character on the scene :
“ all was agitation and uproar ; and every steep, and
“ every rock, stared with wildness and terror.” The
accuracy and elegance of this description, drawn by so
masterly a pen, I hope will amply compensate for the
length of this quotation. The extensive iron-works,
mentioned in this passage, belong to Mr. Partridge.
Below the New Weir, a continuation of the same rich
scenery still arrested our attention, and rocks and wood
seemed

seemed to contend, which should be most conspicuous; till the winding of the river, round Doward's Rock, on which was formerly a Roman station, brought us under the house of Mr. Hatley, which commands a view of the river as far as Monmouth, when it is terminated by the town, and bridge of six arches. As we drew near

MONMOUTH,

the house of Dr. Griffin, situated on an eminence, and a banqueting room, erected by the inhabitants of the place, appeared above the town, on the left.

The town of Monmouth lies too low, to form a grand appearance from the water, but is, in itself, neat and well built, and pleasantly situated on the banks of the Wye.

As we repaired to our inn, we were both involuntarily led to take a retrospect of the past amusements of the day. The partial gleams of sunshine had given additional tints to the rich and bold scenery, and every thing had conspired to render it a most interesting aquatic excursion. The variety of scenes which Claude would have selected, had he now existed, for his canvas; with rapture, too, would he have caught the
the

the tints, and, with the happiest effect, combined the objects into a picture; kept up our attention, and removed that sameness which too often accompanies water excursions. Such has been the pleasure of our first day's water expedition; and, from the impression it made on us, we eagerly look forward to some future period, when we may again retrace views, which memory will ever hold dear, and the pleasure be then redoubled, with the remembrance of past occurrences.

The evening we dedicated to the survey of Monmouth. Opposite the Beaufort Arms, the most convenient inn in the town, is the town-house, handsomely built, with a full length statue on the outside, facing the street, with this inscription under it: "Henry the Fifth, born at Monmouth, August the ninth, 1387." On the birth of this warlike and virtuous prince, the charter was granted to the town of Monmouth: it is governed by a mayor, two bailiffs, fifteen aldermen, nine constables, two serjeants, and two beadles. The castle now bears few vestiges of its former grandeur; and of the regal dome, scarcely a wreck has escaped, through the long lapse of years, the ravages of time: where a mighty king once gave audience, and where vassals knelt, now assemble the animate appendages of a farm-yard.

Near

Near the castle is a very antiquated house, now converted into a school, the property of the Duke of Beaufort. To this town Wihenoc de Monemue, or Monmouth, in the reign of Henry I. brought over a convent of black Monks from St. Florence, and placed them first in the church of St. Cadoc, near the castle, and after, in the church of St. Mary. It was among other ancient priories, seized by the crown, during the wars with France; but was restored again, made denison, and continued till the general suppression, in the reign of Henry VIII.* From hence we walked to the church-yard; close to which is the room where Geoffery of Monmouth composed his well-known History: this is now a day-school. Monmouth has likewise to boast of a free-school, founded here, from the following curious circumstance: Mr. Jones, a native of Newland, being in distress, left his parish and went to London, where he engaged himself as servant to a Hamburg merchant, and proving trusty in his office, he was by degrees advanced, till at length he attained a fortune of his own; willing to prove how far the charity of his native place would extend towards him, in disguise, he applied for that relief, which he was enabled to shew towards others; but his parish taking no notice of him, referred him to

* *Tanner's Notitia Monastica.*

Monmouth, and would not redress his pretended complaints: the latter, however, being more charitably disposed, relieved him according to his wishes. Having thus proved their generosity, he acquainted them of his real situation, and promised to repay their kindness, by obliging them in any demand they should request. On this, they solicited the foundation of a free-school, which he immediately built, liberally endowed, and which from that time has been well supported. The walk to the Folly, we were informed, would have afforded us some beautiful and extensive prospects; the whole of which information we should probably have found true, but the evening closing, we were very reluctantly necessitated to return to our inn.

Early in the morning we renewed our survey of Monmouth. The church first demanded notice: it is a handsome structure, but the inside offers nothing remarkable for the inspection of the antiquary. The gaol, built after the plan of the benevolent Howard, is situated in a healthy spot, and, in every respect, rendered as commodious and comfortable, as such a place will allow, for the unfortunate inhabitants. Monmouth, indeed, contains several good houses, and the neighbourhood is respectable. A bridge at the extremity of the town, with the ancient gateway, bears every mark of antiquity.

The

The hire of the boat, from Monmouth to Chepstow, is on the same plan as from Ross to Monmouth, the distance being nearly equal. Nothing now remained, but to recommence our water excursion; and we accordingly embarked a quarter of a mile below the town, where the river Monnow joins itself with the Wye; from hence Monnow-mouth, or Monmouth. The weather still continued favorable for our schemes: the banks on the left, were, at first, low; but as we receded from the town, the spire of Monmouth in the retrospect, with the Kynin Woods, rising from a rock of great height, on our left, under which the river meanders, and to our right, Pen-y-val Hill, engaged our attention, and was the bold and rich scenery we enjoyed, on our first re-embarkation.

The same scenery of rock, wood, and water, which so captivated us on the preceding day, still continued, occasionally diversified by light vessels skimming by our boat, and increasing in number, as we approached nearer the sea. The rude hail of the boatmen, as they passed, was re-echoed by the rocks, and the dingy white sails of the vessels, which soon disappeared round some bold promontory, were particularly picturesque. Coleman's Rocks appeared alternately mantled with underwood, and pointed crags; large fragments scattered in the river, here divide the counties of Monmouth

mouth and Gloucester. At Redbrook Hills, the curling smoke issuing from the iron-works, formed a pleasing accompaniment to the scenery, and the whole exhibited a picture of industrious labour. These works belong to Mr. Turner: the wood and meadow land of Whitebrook Hills, were finely contrasted with the busy scene at Redbrook. From hence a long reach, with Fidenham Chase Hill rising conspicuously in the front, brought us to the village of

LLANDOGO;

diversified with cottages, from the base to the highest summit of the sloping eminence. This village is about nine miles from Monmouth, and arrests particular observation; here vessels of considerable burden were loading with iron, and other commodities, for various ports. The appearance of the river here changed; the translucent stream, which had hitherto alternately reflected, as in a mirror, the awful projection of the rocks, and the soft flowery verdure of its banks, was affected, by the influence of the tide, and rendered turbid and unpleasant to the sight.

A turn of the river soon brought us to the village of

TINTERN,

where we observed the ruins of a mansion, belonging to Mr. Farmer, of Monmouth. This house appears of an old date, and might probably claim the attention of the curious antiquary, was he not so wrapt up in contemplating the venerable Abbey, which presents its Gothic pile, in solemn majesty. This august building, great in ruins, and awfully grand in appearance, impels the stranger, as it were, imperceptibly, to land and inspect its noble arches, tottering pillars, and highly finished windows; the specimens of ancient architecture, which formerly were delicately wrought by the hand of art, are now finely decked by that of nature. On our first entrance, our attention was too much engrossed, to exchange the mutual communication of thought; but the care which has been officiously taken to remove every fragment, lying scattered through the immense area of the fabric, and the smoothness of the shorn grass, which no scythe should have dared to clip, in a great measure perverts the character of the ruin: these circumstances but ill accord with the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin, which has braved the pitiless storms of so many centuries. In this respect, we by no means agreed with Gilpin, who
thus

thus describes it: "We excuse—perhaps we approve
" —the neatness that is introduced within. It *may*
" add to the *beauty* of the scene—to its *novelty* it un-
" doubtedly *does*." But when this disgust was a little
abated, we indulged those reflections, which scenes of
ancient grandeur naturally recal.

This beautiful ruin is cruciform, measuring two
hundred and thirty feet in length, and thirty-three in
breadth; the transept is one hundred and sixty feet
long.* This cistercian abbey was founded by Walter
de Clare, in the year 1131, and dedicated to St.
Mary, in the reign of King Henry VIII. It expe-
rienced the same fate with many other monasteries,
and was granted, at its dissolution, to the Earl of
Worcester, in the year 1537.

As we receded from the banks, Tintern Abbey,
with the Gothic fret-work of the eastern window,
seemingly bound together by the treillage of ivy, ap-
peared in the most pleasing point of view; sloping hills
and rich woods forming a fine back-ground. As we
drew nearer

* *Warner's First Walk.*

CHEPSTOW,

ome most noble rocks, "nature's proud bastions," opened upon us, to the left, grander than any we had hitherto admired, and which, we had previously determined, were inconceivably fine, and surpassed any idea we had formed of the channel of this romantic river: to add to the magnificence of the whole, the setting sun tinged the rocks with the most resplendent colours, and the dewy freshness of the evening improved the charm of the scene; the one enchanting the sense, the other refreshing it. The lofty Wynd Cliff, to the right, and Piercefield, with the curious projecting rocks, called the Twelve Apostles, and Peter's Thumb, heighten, to the very extent of beauty, this noble scene, gratifying, beyond measure, to the admirer of nature. Another reach brought us in sight of Chepstow Castle, on a prominent rock, of which it seemed to form a part; noble in situation, and grand in appearance. The singularly constructed bridge, the rocks, and the scarce visible town, here made a most charming picture: this we enjoyed exceedingly, but regretted a few more minutes would set us on shore, and conclude our excursion on the Wye; an excursion which, the farther we proceeded, the more we were interested; and
so

so much so, as to determine a renewal of this pleasing tour, another summer. The wooden bridge thrown over the Wye, at this place, is of very singular construction; the boards forming the flooring are all designedly loose, but prevented, by pegs fastened at the extremity of them, from being carried away by the tide, and by that ingenious contrivance gradually rise and fall with it, which is here frequently known to rise to the extraordinary height of seventy feet.

Not having visited the church, in consequence of the bad weather, at the commencement of our tour, we determined now to inspect it. The entrance, through the western door, is an elegant specimen of Saxon architecture, richly wrought, with three arches; in the inside is the monument of Henry Martin, one of the twelve judges, who presided at the condemnation of King Charles I. and was confined in the castle seven and twenty years.

A curious carved one to the Marquis of Worcester and Lady, though not buried here; and another, of the date 1620, to the memory of Mrs. Clayton and her two husbands, both kneeling.

This church originally belonged to the alien Benedictine

diſtine priory of Strigule, but converted, at the reformation, into the pariſh church of Chepſtow.

Admittancē to the celebrated walks of Piercefield can only be obtained on Tueſdays and Fridays. To ſurvey theſe with that attention which they deſerve, would occupy ſeveral hours; the liveliſt deſcription cannot do juſtice to the rich and bold ſcenery, with all its accompaniments; the eye can alone receive the impreſſion, for,

“ How long ſo e’er the wanderer roves, each ſtep
“ Shall wake freſh beauties, each ſhort point preſents
“ A different picture; new, and yet the ſame.”

“ The winding of the precipice, (ſays Gilpin) is
“ the magical ſecret, by which all theſe enchanting
“ ſcenes are produced.” At one point, both above and below, as far as the eye can reach, rolls in maſtetic windings, the river Wye; at another, the Severn, haſtening to meet “ its ſiſter river,” is diſcovered, till at laſt they are both loſt in the Briſtol Channel; at another, theſe ſcenes are concealed, and thick woods, apparently coeval with time itſelf, and a long range of rock, burſt upon “ the wanderer,” with irrefiſtible beauty and attraction. The occaſional recurrence alſo of the rude bench, overſhadowed by ſome umbrageous tree, and concealed from the ſteep precipice below, by
thick

thick underwood, allow only glimpses of the surrounding scenery.

The house has received great repairs, and is elegantly furnished by the present possessor, colonel Wood. Every apartment, indeed, has its appropriate embellishments.

I have thus brought my Tour to a conclusion; a Tour, which has been productive of much amusement, and, I hope, not entirely devoid of advantage: it only remains, therefore, for me to add, that the Two Friends, having completed a Pedestrian circuit of near eight hundred miles, parted with mutual regret, jointly exclaiming,

“ *Cambria*, as thy romantic vales *we* leave,
 “ And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 “ Where fond attention seems to linger still,
 “ Tracing the broad bright landscape; much *we* grieve,
 “ That, mingled with the toiling croud, no more
 “ *We may* return thy varied views to mark.”

ADDENDA.

Page 44. The church of Tenby is a large, handsome, and antique edifice, and several monuments, bearing an ancient date, worthy of notice.

On the left of the altar, is one to William Rifam, with the following inscription :

Two hundred pounds
and 50 more
He gave this towne
to help the poore.

The use of one on cloth
and coles bestowe
For twelve decrepid mean
and lowe.

Let 50 pounds to five
be yearly lent
The other's use on Burges'
sonne's be spent.

On the same side is a monument to the memory of John Moore, Esq. who, at the age of fifty-eight, and having by his first wife six sons and ten daughters, fell
despe-

desperately in love, which not being returned, he died of a consumption, at Tenby : the following Epitaph is very allusive to his unfortunate catastrophe :

He that from home for love
was hither brought,
Is now brought home, this God
for him hath wrought.

Another monument to Morgan Williams :

Igné probatur
En animus rursus clare in corpore
Morgan Williams
descended from the heirefs of
Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. Davids,
Burnt alive by bigots under Q. Mary;
was lately chief of Gargam,
and senior in council at
Madras.

Where Oct. 27, 1690, aged 49 years,
He resign'd the President's chair
and his breath together.
An employment of full 30 years
chronicles the continual
approbation of his conduct,
particularly as
chief commissioner of the circuit.

SONNETS.



The following SONNETS, the joint production of two Friends, were sent to the Author, as considered applicable to his Tour; it is therefore hoped, they may not be unacceptable to the Reader.



SONNET I.



TO FRIENDSHIP.

Addressed to the Companion of my Tour.



O BALMY comfort thro' this varied maze
Of life! thou best physician to the breast,
With deep affliction's venom'd sting oppress,
A thousand arts, a thousand winning ways

Arc

Are thine, to smoothe the rugged brow of care,
And mitigate misfortune's keenest hour :
Yes, A——, partner of my Cambrian Tour,
Friend of my heart, how gladly do I share
Thy confidence ; whate'er my part may be
Hereafter on this shifting stage of life,
This busy theatre of jarring strife,
May health and happiness attend both thee
And thine !—on ONE, thy Heav'nly Guardian trust,
Nor doubt protection—all HIS ways are just.

SONNET II.

*The Contrast of Yesterday, and To-day; supposed to be
written on the Summit of SNOWDON.*

HOW gay was yesterday!—no storm was heard
To mutter round thy steep! yon sun arose
With golden splendor, and in still repose
Nature majestic thro' her works appear'd.
To-day, how chang'd!—loud howls the hollow blast!
The thin mists undulate! thy tow'ring height
Is veil'd in tempest, and eternal night!
So 'tis with man! contrasting prospects past
With dreams of future happiness—to day
In gallant trim his little bark may glide,
On the smooth current of the tranquil tide:
To-morrow comes!—the gathering storms display
A sad vicissitude—the whirlwind's sweep,
Grasps at his prey, and whelms it in the deep.

SONNET III.

On leaving WALES.

WHY bursts the tear, as Cambria, now I leave
Thy wild variety of dale and hill,
Where fancy, fond intruder, lingers still?
Why do these parting sighs my bosom heave?
'Tis, that alas! I ne'er may view again
Those haunts, those solitary scenes I love;
But thro' this vale of tears forsaken rove,
And taste the sad vicissitude of pain:
'Tis, that I sadly breathe a warm adieu,
To long-lost scenes of mutual amity;
'Tis, that I turn, my absent friend, to thee,
"Think on past pleasures, and solicit new!"
For thee my fervent pray'rs to Heav'n ascend,
And may we meet again as friend to friend.

SON-

SONNET IV.

==

To the Welsh Harp.

==

LOV'D instrument! again repeat those sounds,
Those plaintive airs, that thro' my senses steal,
With melancholy sweet. Their pow'r I feel
Soothing my sadness, healing sorrow's wounds.
Gently thou lull'st my sufferings to repose,
Inclin'st my heart to ev'ry virtuous deed,
Removing from my mind each dark'ning shade
That clouds my days, increasing all my woes.
Now swelling with the breeze, along thy vales,
Romantic Cambria! the strain I hear,
Then dying soft away, comes o'er my ear
In whispers soft, still wafted by thy gales!
Lov'd instrument! again repeat those sounds,
Soothing my sadness, healing sorrow's wounds.

SONNET V.

Supposed to be written by Moon-light, on the Sea-shore, at TENBIGH.

I LOVE to mark the silver-curling spray,
Just kifs the pebbled shore ; the zephyr blows,
And ocean slumbers in serene repose ;
While the moon's beams in quiv'ring radiance play
Upon its surface : yet ere long, that tide
May heave its foaming billows to the shore,
And the sea boil in one tempestuous roar.
See here thy picture, man ! reason, thy guide,
Can lull each gust of passion into rest ;
Her aid divine, her energy once lost,
In what a sea of angry tumults tost,
Raves the mad whirlwind of thy troubled breast !
Blind passion then can reason's aid refute,
And degradate the man to worse than brute.

SONNET VI.

==

On seeing LLANGOLLEN VALE.

==

O THOU, too captious of each airy scheme,
Fancy! thou dear delusive traitor, say,
Are not thy charms the phantoms of a day,
That mock possession, like a fleeting dream?
Here could I spend, if such had been my lot,
Quiet my life; nor should the shiv'ring poor
Depart unfed, unaided, from my door.
“Content is wealth,” the emblem of my cot.
Here, by the brook, that gently babbles by,
Should stand my garden; there the blushing rose
And woodbine should their sweetest scent disclose.
But ah! farewell these dreams;—my big full eye
Swells with the bursting tear—I think, how few
The road to real happiness pursue!

SONNET VII.

Prospect of Sun-rise from SNOWDON.

HOW grand the scene from this stupendous height !
How awfully sublime ! the king of day
Flames in the east ; old ocean's waves display
One globe of fire ! one boundless flood of light !
With what unclouded lustre blaze the skies !
While Mona's flats, ting'd with a golden hue,
Burst with transcendent beauty on the view ;
And, Man,* thy scarce seen mountains proudly rise.
Nature beneath, seems prostrate ! and my sight
Can hardly grasp the vast immensity !
Can then the muse attempt to sing of thee,
Nature's great God ! Father of life and light !
Who bade the sun his annual circle roll,
Who guides, directs, and animates the whole.

* The Isles of Anglesey and Man, are discovered from Snowdon.

SONNET VIII.

To my Dog.

YES, thou hast been companion of my Tour,
And partner of my toils! hast rov'd with me,
Thro' Cambria's rude and wild variety,
And often sooth'd the solitary hour
With thy careffes; yet false man can claim
Superior reason, claim a mind endued
With love, with faithfulness, and gratitude;
Love, a mere sound, and gratitude, a name.
Yes, faithful creature! and when thou art gone,
With fond attention shall thy bones be laid,
And a small tribute to thy mem'ry paid,
In these few words, engraven on thy stone:
"Here let in peace the faithful Sylvio lie,
"The truest picture of fidelity!"

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